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THE BOOKMAN

CARL SANDBURG, HUMAN BEING

BY WALTER YUST

WHEN I called up the Chicago "Daily News" to make an appointment with Carl Sandburg, who has been called the most brutal of American poets, "City Desk" answered in a more or less piping voice.

"I want to talk to Mr. Sandburg," I announced.

"Hold the wire!"... I could visualize "City Desk" turning his tired head; and then I heard him bawl out, familiarly, just as if he were addressing any garden variety, everyday reporter, "Yay, Sandburg! Pho-o-one!"

"Chicago Poems" and "Cornhuskers", Mr. Sandburg's two volumes of amazing, heavy-fisted verse, were familiar to me. I had read enthusiastic and scholarly appreciations of his art by Professor Bliss Perry, Dr. John Erskine, Louis Untermeyer, Edith Wyatt, and by countless other authoritative critics; I had witnessed dull-eyed instructors brighten over him in high school and university classrooms; and I knew that his verse had been and is being translated into French, Spanish, Russian, Danish, Italian, and other languages and that Europe holds him to be one of the most authentic voices, if not the authentic voice, of the new world spirit since Whitman —and he had consequently grown to be for me an Olympian personality, one to sit aloof hurling thunderbolts, one to be only revered. And the raucous, unabashed, "Yay, Sandburg! Pho-o-one!" was a kind of sacrilege, a decided shock.

In a moment, a mellow resonant voice drawled "Yes?" over the wire. I stated my business and the voice returned: "This afternoon. Five o'clock. I'll look for you." Another surprise. It was not a hard, slaggy, iron and steel voice, but a rich, soft, friendly baritone.

At the newspaper office, word was brought that Mr. Sandburg would see me in five minutes. From the corridor where I stood, I could hear the linotypes clicking and the tack-tack-tackety-tacking of a few typewriters. It was that calm empty-house moment every newspaper office knows just after an edition goes to press.

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Not more than two minutes had I waited, when a tall rangy man in a grey suit approached. He wore a grey cap pulled out of shape and aslant on his iron-grey hair. Large silver-rimmed spectacles, grey stubble on the chin, a small bow tie, and a gentle pressure of the hand were among the first impressions that filtered into my consciousness.

"Is this—?"

"Yes, this is Sandburg. I'm sorry to keep you waiting. Come on over here where we can sit down."

He led me past typewriter desks cluttered with sheets of paper, over a floor cluttered with paper, to a cluttered desk in the corner, near a window opening out into Wells Street's roaring elevated. A number of men were still picking at their typewriters. The walls were cracked, cobwebby, and dusty—it was the typical city room of the typical metropolitan daily.

The man in the grey suit offered me a chair. He sat low on one himself and rested his foot high on the typewriter extension to his desk.

I must confess that my first few sentences were circumspect. This man didn't resemble the shadowy "art" portraits of the black-haired Sandburg I knew. His appearance was rather what a Rodin might see in a copy-desk man. There flashed into my head the disquieting recollection that newspaper offices are not entirely averse to practical jokes. Besides, a spittoon rested by the desk. Poets and spittoons—!

But Carl Sandburg he was! And I soon realized that the author of "Chicago Poems", "Cornhuskers", and "Smoke and Steel" would be disappointing if he were different, if he lounged in his chair less informally, if his air demanded anything but that raw familiar "Yay, Sandburg! Pho-o-one!" There is no lyric effeminacy in the curve of Mr. Sandburg's jaw, in the tilt of his cap, in the stubble on his chin. "Mellow, massive and human", Harriet Monroe describes him. The "natural rhythms of a manly life" that Plato insisted upon ages ago when he stated his case against poets, just as they tumble roughly along in Mr. Sandburg's vibrant verse, beat out from the very unpoetic look of this poet. And when he talks—there is no jabber nor gesticulation nor studied modulation in his talk—and when his eyes burn out their black fire, your attention is gripped by that same honest man-to-man sincerity which he is able to put into the grinding, crashing, angular words of his unrhymed free-rhythmed verses, and you can understand more clearly why his verse must be unrhymed, free-rhythmed, unfettered. Meticulous rhyme and metre for Mr. Sandburg's verses would be like woolen mits on the fingers of a Paderewski playing. They would be in the way.

"There are a group of us in the United States," he said, "perhaps you'd call us a type—who are struggling along after a kind of freedom. We are not sure we are writing poetry. Remember Nora in Ibsen's 'Doll's House'? She fought for something—a miracle she called it. She didn't know what it would be like, but she knew it was something fine, and that she had to go after it. That's the way we're moving along. I guess really we don't know where we're going but we're on our way. We may never win this freedom; maybe we'll be interesting to future generations only because we are a step toward a higher development. I don't know.

"What I do know is that forthcoming book lists will be heavy with this new, human, racy, vigorous verse.

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It's the younger men and women who are writing it, and they write it because they are weary and sick of the everlasting silky blah-blah of the doctrinaires of the last decade. The war has cut deep into the minds of the people, too. They want the truth, these young poets do; and they want to share what they find of it, honestly, with no frills and flapdoodle, no fine feathers and fustian, but with hard unequivocal picture-words."

Walt Whitman hoped for experimenting poets of this type, especially it seems for a Sandburg, when he wrote in his "American Primer":

> A perfect user of words uses *things*—they exude in power and beauty from him—miracles from his hands, miracles from his mouth—lilies, clouds, sunshine, women, poured copiously—things, whirled like chain-shot rocks, defiance, compulsion, houses, iron, locomotives, the oak, the pine, the keen eye, the hairy breast, the Texan ranger, the Boston truckman, the woman that arouses a man, the man that arouses a woman.
>
> Words are magic...limber, lasting, fierce words. Do you suppose the liberties and the brawn of These States have to do only with delicate lady-words? with gloved gentleman-words?... The appetite of the people of These States, in talk, in popular speeches and writings, is for unhemmed latitude, coarseness, directness, live epithets, expletives, words of opprobrium, resistance. This I understand because I have the taste myself as largely as anyone. I have pleasure in the use, on fit occasion, of "traitor", "coward", "liar", "shyster", "skulk", "doughface", "trickster", "backslider", "thief", "impotent", "lickspittle".

"I cut out all words ending in *ity* and *ness* as far as I can," resumed Mr. Sandburg. "That is, I cut out words describing 'state of being'. And I search for the picture-words, as the Indians have them, as the Chinese have them. A Chinese friend, Teh Hi Hsieh, paid me a visit one day. He told me that 'Hi' meant 'cheerfulness' and 'Hsieh' meant 'thank you'. I asked him what were the ideographs for those words. He said 'thank you' was a man with his hand extended for a hand-clasp, and 'cheerfulness' was the picture of the sun shining on a man with a long shadow. See? The Chinese catch the clean-cut picture. That's what I try to do with words."

Mr. Sandburg has acquired his taste for words that rage and storm and bleed, during a lifetime of vigorous experience. He was born in Galesburg, Illinois, on January 6, 1878, and in his veins flows the blood of rugged Norsemen. He left grammar school when he was thirteen and drove a milk wagon. During his early years he sweated in brickyards and potteries, in Kansas wheatfields. He washed dishes in Denver Hotels, pitched coal in Omaha, saw active service in Porto Rico during the Spanish-American War, and worked his way through Lombard College, Galesburg, Illinois. He was a World War correspondent in Scandinavia for an American newspaper syndicate. Mr. Sandburg is now a member of the editorial staff of the Chicago "Daily News".

"This week", he told me, "I'm filling in for the movie editor. He's away." And with but five hours' sleep a day, Mr. Sandburg finds time to write enough verse to publish one thick volume a year.

"I do a great lot of my work right here." He swept his hand over his crowded corner of the room; and the paper-strewn floors and the dusty desks and the thundering elevated outside drove away any vision I might have had of a lonely poet dreaming in his lonely room. "You're liable to find me tearing away at this typewriter tonight till the 10:30 suburban for Elmhurst is ready to take me home."

I wondered whether he dashed off his finished product in the quick fire of inspiration, but he told me that the piece he "tears away tonight" will not be ready for publication for perhaps two years. He pares down and cuts

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and polishes his verse with the care and patience of an ancient worker in gold.

"I get a 'hunch' in the first place," said Mr. Sandburg, explaining the birth of his poems. "I have been an editor of a business journal and I have watched business men, and I know that big business movements begin first with a little hunch. They come to me as they come to business men. When I have the hunch I write it down in lead pencil; and I slowly gather together all the ideas I want to cover in the piece. When I have fashioned a unit, first in lead pencil, I typewrite it. And then I carry it around in my pocket, and read it and reread it, in the office here, on the train, in the trolley, in one-arm restaurants, and I think about it. Maybe I do that for a month, or a year, maybe two years; changing words and lines to carry the rhythm best suited to the idea and the emotion; rearranging; writing and rewriting. Rarely do I feel that a piece is ready without at least a month's or two months' revising. When I first put a piece to paper, one time out of ten I think I have written something that will last and live just as I have written it. Nine times out of ten, it must be toted about in my pocket for a while and changed over and over again. I wrote and rewrote 'Prairie' "—it is the moving sonorous poem that begins "Cornhuskers"—"fourteen times before it was ready for print."

Mr. Sandburg seems somewhat reluctant to call his works "poems". His acknowledgment paragraph in "Chicago Poems" called them "writings"; in "Cornhuskers", "things". Nor does he use the word "poem" in any of his verse titles. I asked him whether there was any significance in this choice of words, and he answered me by directing my attention to the volume-caption, "Chicago Poems".

"Saying 'Chicago' and 'poems' close together like that is like saying 'hell roses' or 'hell lilies'," he smiled. "That's putting our finger to our nose when we write. Sometimes we do that—"

The elevated crashing along outside, the dissonant noises of hurrying traffic, the shrieking of traffic cops' whistles, shattered through the walls to where we were sitting.

"—put our finger to our nose," he repeated, and in a half-gesture pointed out of the window. "Poems!" he smiled.

Mr. Sandburg sank his hand into his inside coat pocket and pulled out a handful of papers. He showed me a poem of appreciation written by one of his friends in the composing room; another he had just received from Amy Lowell; a third from Louis Untermeyer. The last was called "John Guts" and carried along with it in the letter a question whether Mr. Sandburg had written any verse about Lincoln other than his haunting "Fire-logs". Mr. Untermeyer is preparing an anthology.

"I have written other Lincoln poems", said Mr. Sandburg, "but I mean to write still another. It is a trilogy on Lincoln and it will aim to break down all this sentimentalizing about him. We go into a politician's office today or into the office of a fish who's squeezed men poor all his life, and we have grown to expect to see the face of Lincoln looking down from the wall. It's curious company he keeps these days, and it makes me sick. My treatment of Lincoln, who was a strong advocate of violence and war, when violence and war seemed to him necessary, will be the rawest ever attempted, I believe.

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"That poem written by my friend in the composing room is interesting because it shows the tendency of minds today. For years my friend has been writing rhymed and metrical verse. He finds now that he can get most pleasure and better effect with free-rhythm.

"When I was a boy I wrote with rhyme and metre too. And I published a volume of juvenilia. Thank God there were only a hundred copies printed. I never use rhyme now.

"My reading? Mostly the Bible, Ibsen, and Chinese poetry." And among other artistic influences of his are Scandinavian and negro melodies. For Mr. Sandburg delights in music, especially in the old negro melodies; he thrums them on his own banjo and their character is discernible in much that he has written.

Francis Thompson once wrote that in Shelley's poetry one

> ...sees the winsome face of a child.... The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven: its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

I was reminded of that passage while Mr. Sandburg spoke. Needless to suggest that he is of a different cast. He is not in that hopeless state which refuses to recognize the beauty in a Shelley child with Shelley toys. Only Mr. Sandburg's interest is not in knocking about among the everlasting stars. He happens to live in dirty Chicago and he manages to keep his feet planted on the dirty streets there. If Francis Thompson were writing about Mr. Sandburg, he would be compelled to select from another assortment of words—they would have to be Browning words, Whitman words, big-shouldered, knotty, angry words. And he wouldn't see a child's winsome face in Sandburg—not because it isn't there, but because it isn't dominant—and he wouldn't see him playing. He would see a man's grim face, and he would see him sweating, shoveling, pig-sticking, building, breaking down, dying, struggling, cracking through.

Of course, Mr. Sandburg's verse is not always brutal. "Brutality" is an apt word to name the quality of the workingman's energetic strength; a quality you catch in the fire of Mr. Sandburg's eyes and in the thoughts you know are stewing about in his head all the while he gives some of them to you. Louis Untermeyer has called him the "tenderest of living poets". And you can find this tenderness in the pity and delicacy of many of his poignant poems; it makes him easy to talk with comfortably; you mark it in the neighborliness of his informality, in the soft rich tones of his voice; in his delight in children.

"I have three little daughters," he told me. "And I spend a deal of my time with them. It's rather strange to me that the stories they have me make for them seem to appeal to grownups too. Next year I think I will publish them. They are stories of days that never happened anywhere in the world."

And it would not surprise me if next year there appears from his pen a collection of short tales touched with the whimsicality and wistful charm of a Barrie and the wonder of a Dunsany.

It would not surprise me, I say, perhaps because the surprises of this visit were so many and I have grown

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used to Mr. Sandburg's surprises. I believe, however, that there would not have been any surprises at all, if I had been wise enough to appreciate deeply in the beginning that Mr. Sandburg's poems are not an expression of eccentric individualism but that they are an honest attempt to express a richly developed personality. That is why they are authentic poems. That is why Mr. Sandburg must discard rhyme and conscious metre, that is why he must use living "common" words. Mr. Sandburg's poems are Mr. Sandburg. They are powerful, live, brutal, gentle, and human—and so is he.

THE SEVERAL WAYS OF TELLING A STORY

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

IN his later and more intrinsically psychological novels, Henry James "wound into his subject like a serpent", sometimes leaving his readers gasping in the coils; but in his letters he had no snake-like convolutions and said his say in straightforward fashion so directly, and in fact so emphatically, that there is no mistaking his meaning. In a letter of 1911 to a fellow novelist he remonstrated against the form in which his correspondent had cast his latest tale—"that accurst autobiographic form which puts a premium on the loose, the improvised, the cheap and the easy. Save in the fantastic and the romantic ('David Copperfield', 'Jane Eyre', that charming thing of Stevenson's with the bad title,—'Kidnapped') it has no authority, no persuasive or convincing force. Its grasp of reality isn't strong and disinterested. 'Robinson Crusoe', *e. g.*, isn't a novel at all."

Whether or not "Robinson Crusoe" is a novel at all is like the long debated question as to whether or not Pope is a poet at all, the answer to which was discovered to depend on our private and personal definition of poetry. If poetry must be "simple, sensuous and passionate", then Pope is plainly not a poet, since he is no one of the three. But if poetry is largely and liberally defined, it will be found to include the verse of the author of "The Rape of the Lock", one of the most accomplished of craftsmen, a consummate artist in the management of metre. If Henry James could impose his definition of a novel upon the rest of us, whatever this definition might be, we should be compelled to deny to Defoe's masterpiece its rank among the great novels of the world. Fortunately for us, we are under no compulsion to abide by Henry James's contracting limitation. And we may find comfort in the words of a critic of a broader vision and a keener insight than the author of "Notes on Novelists".

In a letter which Sainte-Beuve wrote in 1860 to Champfleury he declared that in contradiction to the drama (which had long been cribbed, cabined, and confined by rigid rules),—

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...the novel has remained untrammelled—so much the better for it. For all that, it has not lacked masterpieces. The novel is a vast field of experiment, which is open to all forms of genius, to all methods of approach. It is the epic of the future, probably the only epic which will be in accord hereafter with our modern customs. Let us not tie it up tightly; let us not theorize about it overmuch; let us not organize it. May every novelist on occasion set forth his ideas about it, of course, but may these expositions and apologies not deprive us of a single good novel that the author might compose while he was setting forth his theories. The best explanation that the artist can give is to keep on producing, to go forward and never to lag behind.

With all his reverence for the critical sagacity and the sensitive open-mindedness of Sainte-Beuve, Henry James would have found this a hard saying, more especially in his later years when he confessed that what most strongly attracted him to a subject was the difficulty of its treatment, —a point of view which was never taken by Defoe or Fielding or Thackeray, even if it might be held by Flaubert and the Goncourts. There is little profit in disputing Henry James's assertion that "Robinson Crusoe" "isn't a novel at all". Plainly this is a matter about which opinion is already made up against him. But there may be advantage in considering his general contention that the autobiographic form, the novel in the first person, has "no authority, no persuasive or convincing force", that "its grasp of reality isn't strong and disinterested", that it "puts a premium on the loose, the improvised, the cheap and the easy". Have these personal opinions any validity? What are the particular merits and demerits of the fictitious narrative, supposed to be set down by a central character in the series of adventures and experiences it chronicles? Is it necessarily inferior to the novel in the third person, told directly by the author himself, not hiding behind a mask and supposedly inspired by the epic muse, who has revealed to him all the mysteries of motive and all the secrets of the human heart?

II

Perhaps it is unsafe to lay too much stress on the fact that the autobiographic form is probably earlier than any other. Story-telling is an ancient art, flourishing in the ages of savagery and barbarism; and uncivilized man is unblushingly boastful and shamelessly self-laudatory. He sees no reason why he should not vaunt his own valor and chant his own deeds of daring. "He was strong and well armed, but I overcame him in combat. I stood up against him; I smote him; I slew him. He fought bravely; yet I killed him. It was a noble fight, worthy to be sung by bards until the end of time; and for their benefit I tell the thing as it came to pass. He was a mighty man, and no coward; and now he lies with his mother earth, dead of the blows I dealt him. Alone I did it!" Thus it is that the heroes of Homer praise their own prowess and declare their own opinion of their rank as fighting men.

It must also be noted that in the earlier stages of artistic evolution, the art of narrative in the third person has not yet been developed. Monologue comes first; and then, after an interval, dialogue. The reciter of a tale informs us as to what he himself said and as to what the other man said, giving their several speeches in due sequence, each being allowed to express himself, in his own fashion and at such length as he may choose. There is little selection; there is almost no suppression of less significant utterances; and there is no effort to weave the whole into a direct and coherent discourse. Nor is this the method of primitive man only; it obtains today among simple folk;

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and it is the sole means of describing an event even now available for children and for the uneducated. Listen to the chatter which falls on our ears when we are marooned in a crowd and note how "I said to her, says I" is instantly followed by "She says to me, says she".

The monologue—that is to say the autobiographic form—is apparently the original way of telling a tale; and it is only a little later, as the artistic conscience is quickened, that we arrive at alternating monologues,—that is, at elementary dialogue. And we must wait a long while before we arrive at orderly narration, properly proportioned.

But because the symmetrical and harmonious telling of a tale by a neutral narrator is a more mature method than the boldly individualistic self-revelation, it does not follow that this is necessarily better for all purposes. But it is better for some purposes. Even Henry James admitted that the autobiographic form was satisfactory in "the fantastic and the romantic", instancing "David Copperfield" and "Jane Eyre" and "Kidnapped" as examples of its appropriate employment. Charlotte Brontë's presentation of her plain and passionate heroine would lose a major part of its power if we did not see all the characters through the spectacles of the little governess; and Stevenson's story gains greatly "in authority, persuasive and convincing force" by the young hero's unconscious disclosure of his own idiosyncrasies.

"David Copperfield" may be companioned by "Henry Esmond", in so far at least as they are both autobiographies, profiting indisputably by that fact. It is evidence of Thackeray's artistry, of his instinct for the right way of doing a thing, that he made his blameless hero celebrate himself. Esmond's grasp of reality is strong even if it is not disinterested. But it is in "Barry Lyndon", with its superbly projected villain, that the advantages of the autobiographic form are most vigorously realized. Here is a scoundrel who boasts himself to be a fine fellow, who is our sole source of information about his deeds and misdeeds, yet who never imposes on us for a moment,—a feat of surpassing difficulty worthy in fact to stand beside Tartuffe to whom Molière has not permitted a single incriminatory aside. Thackeray told Lowell that when he had made Becky Sharp admire her strong young husband at the very moment when he was thrashing Lord Steyne and so bringing to the dust her edifice of intrigue, he laid down his pen and slapped his knee and said, "There's a stroke of genius!" He would have been justified in uttering the same remark after he had made Barry Lyndon proudly assert his wife would testify that he had never laid hands on her—except when he was in liquor. Here at least is one instance where the autobiographic form proves its ample possession of authority, persuasion, and convincing force,—in this case ampler than could be revealed by any other form.

"Robinson Crusoe" also would lose most of its directness, of its vitality, and of its perennial and universal fascination, if the mariner of York had not himself frankly set forth his struggles, his achievements, and his blundering failures. Transposed from the first person to the third, the record of these varied endeavors would be deprived of its appealing intimacy. There would be a shrouding veil interposed between the reader and the hero, who is not heroic beyond the capacity of any good man and true, who is not greatly superior to the average of humanity, but who defends himself as

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best he can, setting his teeth and sturdily fighting for his life. What gives "Robinson Crusoe" its abiding quality is that it is a parable of mankind, akin to the "Pilgrim's Progress". Potentially, at least, we may, any of us, suffer shipwreck on a desolate island, where we may live for long years in solitude.

It is its autobiographic form which enhances its value and its validity as an apologue. As the mediæval "Everyman" is a morality play, so "Robinson Crusoe" is a morality story. It is moral, not only because Defoe always found it difficult to refrain from preaching, in season and out, but because his tale of adventure has transcended his intention and has become an allegory of man's life. Defoe builded better than he knew. He told his story according to the only method of narration which was compatible with this essential quality, and he showed plainly that the autobiographic form did not weaken his grasp of reality.

III

Robinson Crusoe and Jane Eyre, Barry Lyndon and Henry Esmond, may not be figures of heroic stature according to romantic standards, but they are ever the central and dominating personalities in the tales they severally tell. There are however many stories told in the first person, wherein the teller is not the outstanding figure, wherein he is little more than the disinterested recorder of the adventures of others, even if his narrative is flavored by his own individuality. Gil Blas, for example, is almost as frankly unheroic as were the voluble vagrants in the Spanish picaresque romances which served as the remote models for Le Sage's episodic sequence of satiric sketches. "Gil Blas" anticipated "Vanity Fair" in being "a novel without a hero". Gil Blas is under no illusions as to himself or as to any other of the persons with whom he comes in contact in the course of his wanderings. He is a sharp-eyed observer of the panorama of human life, always present when anything interesting happens and yet keeping himself discreetly in the background, or at least in the middle distance. And the rich savor of the story is due to the presentation of its kaleidoscopic events through the medium of the detached, and more or less disenchanted, Gil Blas.

The "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" is the best American example of the rambling picaresque romance; and it is a finer work of art than the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer", partly because Mark Twain, when he came to write the later tale, had discovered the value of his first-hand material, his memories of his own boyhood and his authentic knowledge of life up and down the Mississippi; and partly because he was inspired to let the vagabond son of the town drunkard make his own record of things seen. Huck is as shrewd and as keen-sighted as Gil Blas, even if he has deep down in him a moral sense unsuspected by himself, which was altogether lacking in Gil Blas. So it is that we are permitted to follow the Odyssey of the Mississippi, as it is unrolled before the gaze of an indigenous young American, who seems at first sight hopelessly unpromising as a narrator and who turns out to possess abundantly the vision needed for his task.

Mark Twain was more than once alive to the advantage of coloring his story by passing it through the prism of a personal narrator. "The Jumping Frog", for example, funny as it is in itself, is even funnier because it falls from the lips of the quaint bore who is apparently unconscious that

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there is anything funny in it and who delays and dilutes it with matter-of-fact irrelevancies. In this case the putting of the story in the mouth of a fictitious character doubles our delight in it; but this reduplication of pleasure can be achieved only when the fictitious character is the one person who can tell the tale most effectively. To many readers it has always seemed that Thackeray was ill advised when he selected Arthur Pendennis to elucidate for us the sayings and doings of that most respectable family, the Newcomes. The device is awkward, since it diverts attention to itself. Pendennis could not tacitly claim to be inspired by the Muse; and he supplied information which could have come to him only by listening at the keyhole,—a misdeed of which we cannot but believe him to be incapable.

Kipling is more judicious in the half-dozen of his short stories which he has chosen to tell in the first person because he was a participant in the action, although never one of the leaders in it. By so doing he is able to give us the direct and immediate impression of a spectator who was on the spot at the time and who saw the whole incident from beginning to end, perhaps even himself lending a hand to bring about the climax. He adopts this method only when the story is itself simple, when it is a matter of action and reaction, when it is devoid of psychologic subtlety, and when he is sure that he can make his own presence as unobjectionable as that of Arthur Pendennis was obtrusive.

The same method is most skilfully employed by Poe in "The Murders in the Rue Morgue", the first detective story ever written and perhaps still the best; and it has been borrowed by most of those who have trod the trail blazed by Poe—notably by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. In Poe's two tales of mystery solved, the teller is anonymous; and in Doyle's many detective stories, he is an otherwise unimportant Doctor Watson. It is by means of this transmitting narrator, that Poe and Doyle contrive to convey clearly and sharply the impression made upon them by the swift and unerring deductions of Monsieur Dupin and of Sherlock Holmes. Here indeed Poe displays his more consummate artistry, in that his unnamed and unidentified "I" who puts us in possession of all the facts and who describes the feats of Monsieur Dupin, is represented as at first a little doubtful of Dupin's soundness of mind, whereas Doctor Watson is always abasing himself in an attitude of adoring admiration, which tends to detract from the reader's wonder at Sherlock Holmes's ultimate triumph over an apparently insuperable difficulty.

IV

When all is said, however, that can be said in favor of narration in the first person, it must be admitted that Henry James is right in thinking it inferior, more often than not, to narration in the third person, not by one of the characters of the novel but by the author himself. At least we can support this sweeping assertion by a consideration of the novels which have been accepted as undisputed masterpieces. In most of them the author himself holds the pen. Don Quixote and Tom Jones, Doctor Primrose and the Master of Ravenswood, Mr. Pickwick and Uncle Tom, Madame Bovary and Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Anna Karénina and Silas Lapham, Leatherstocking and Kim are not their own biographers. The deeds and the misdeeds of the creatures who start into life and who march in procession

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across the pages of "Notre Dame de Paris" and "The Three Guardsmen", "Vanity Fair" and "The Scarlet Letter", "Smoke" and "The Tragic Muse", "Sapho" and "L'Assommoir" are registered not by themselves but by their several creators.

This way of telling a tale is the simplest of all; and for the immense majority of novels it is the most satisfactory. It has no creaking machinery to distract the reader's interest; it does not put any premium "on the loose, the improvised, the cheap and the easy"—although of course it does not forbid easy cheapness and loose improvisation. While we are reading a story told by the author himself, we do not ask any questions as to the source of his information. We know that he has created his characters; and we credit him with a complete understanding of their mental processes and of their moral standards. "The poet", so Sir Philip Sidney asserted more than three centuries ago, "never maketh any circles about your imagination, to conjure you to believe for true what he writes. He citeth not authorities of other histories, but ever for his entry calleth the sweet Muses to inspire him a good invention." By "the poet" Sidney meant the epic poet, whose estate has now been inherited by the prose novelist.

Turgenev, perhaps the master craftsman of all the novelists of the nineteenth century, once bestowed upon a novel in the third person certain of the advantages of the tale told in the first person. In his beautifully composed story, "Smoke", he begins by making us acquainted with its hero; and then he presents to us all the other characters in succession as they appeared in the eyes of this hero, who perceives them as we apprehend the diversity of creatures we meet in real life—changing his opinion about them as he comes to know them better, and as they inadvertently disclose characteristics which he had not at first suspected them of possessing. This was an ingenious way of keeping us guessing and of sustaining the interest by letting us find out for ourselves the key to all these other characters, who are only glimpsed momentarily when we first meet them and who slowly round themselves out until we see them at last for what they are.

This variant of the narrative in the third person was utilized by other novelists after the Russian story-teller had made evident its possibilities. Howells, for one, took over the formula of Turgenev in "The Coast of Bohemia"—although he abandoned it in the later chapters. Of course, this method is advisable in the construction of a few exceptional stories only; but as the author never calls our attention to the way in which he is telling his tale, the vast majority of his readers will not be aware of it and will not be annoyed if he does not persist in employing it to the end.

V

There is a third way of telling a story, which was widely popular in the eighteenth century and which went out of fashion long before the beginning of the twentieth, probably because of its indirectness and of its temptation toward repetition and redundancy. This is the epistolary method, the author himself not appearing in either the first person or the third, but letting the various characters reveal themselves in the letters they interchange. As the correspondents write immediately after the event and before they have time for second thought, the reader is likely to have opportunity to see the several situations from two or

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three diverging points of view,—sometimes almost diametrically opposed, one to the other.

"Clarissa Harlowe" is the most famous of all epistolary romances. Once upon a time it drew tears from all sorts and conditions of women; but long, long ago the fountains were sealed. Richardson's massive masterpiece is now read by title only. It may still stand upon our five-foot shelves but solely to gather dust upon its uncut pages. It is one of the classics which everybody is supposed to praise and nobody is required to peruse. Today we are overmuch in a hurry, which disinclines us to toil over the interminable outpourings of the wronged heroine. We have become accustomed to a swifter narrative with a soul-searching analysis less tediously insisted upon. We may admit that "Clarissa" is indisputably one of the greatest of novels; its author could lay bare the secrets of a woman's heart when it was beating most tumultuously; but for our modern taste he performs this operation too cautiously and too lingeringly.

Fiction is a finer art today, as Howells used to insist,—although this does not imply that latter-day novelists are more richly endowed than their renowned predecessors. It is in its technique, in its processes, in its craftsmanship, that the art is finer, not in the insight and inspiration of its practitioners. We are bored by the laboriously protracted letters which we have to wade through to sympathize with the woes of Clarissa; and we are annoyed not a little by the clumsy insertion of irrelevant tales which interrupt the current of "Don Quixote" and "Tom Jones", the "Roman Comique" and the "Pickwick Papers".

Taste was changing even a hundred years ago when Scott was improvising the "Waverley Novels". He did not take the task of story-telling over seriously; he spun his yarn as best he could from day to day, often not knowing how or where he was going to find material to bring it to an end. He was so close to the eighteenth century that he had no hesitation in beginning "Redgauntlet" in the epistolary form, only to decide when he had thus written the first of his three volumes that this was not the proper method, whereupon he dropped it without apology to finish the book in the third person narrative, which he could handle with a more rapid ease.

In so doing he anticipated Thomas Bailey Aldrich, who used a medley of letters and telegrams to make us believe in the existence of the non-existent Marjorie Daw, relapsing at last into simple narrative to bring his delightful tale to its unsuspected conclusion. Aldrich in his turn may have supplied a model to H. C. Bunner for his "A Letter and a Paragraph",—the single letter setting forth the ideal condition which its writer wilfully dreamed himself to occupy, and the curtly appended paragraph, cut from a newspaper, baldly recording his actual circumstances.

While the epistolary form is felt to be unfitted for pathos, it can still be bent to the purposes of humor,—or at least to the satiric treatment of a small group of contrasted characters entangled in a complication and strenuously misinterpreting one another's motives and desires. It is thus that it is used by Howells in "Letters Home", a story which failed to make any deep impression, perhaps because the reading public refused to be attracted by a tale told in correspondence. It is thus also that it was employed by Henry James in "A Bundle of Letters", one of the earlier short

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stories in which he analyzed the misunderstandings natural enough where persons of different nationalities are brought into intimate contact.

VI

Closely akin to the letter is the diary, which may be classified as a letter written by a person to himself, to remind him later of his feelings and his thoughts, his words and his acts in the half-forgotten past. The poignancy of Goethe's "The Sorrows of Young Werther" is due in a measure to his own analysis of his situation set down from day to day as he becomes more and more involved in the sentimental complication from which he can release himself only by suicide. That he does kill himself Goethe has to tell us in a few final lines of plain narrative, since Werther could not himself supply us with his own last dying speech and confession.

Wilkie Collins was over fond of interspersing his narrative with passages from the journals of his characters and even from formal statements; and the result of his arbitrary artificiality is to disenchant his readers by the airless aridity of his method. Perhaps Collins's machinery was made more obvious because his tales of mystery were highly involved and unduly distended. The use of the diary, like the use of the letter, is fatiguing in proportion to the length of the tale,—and possibly also to its temper. That is to say that a tragic story can best be presented in straightforward fashion, whereas a comic story may even gain in effectiveness from the ingenuity of its mechanism. Aldrich's "Marjorie Daw" and Henry James's "A Bundle of Letters" profit by their employment of the epistolary form.

Many years ago H. C. Bunner and I collaborated in a short story called "The Documents in the Case"—these documents being letters, telegrams, newspaper clippings, advertisements, play bills, and even pawntickets! There was absolutely no narrative; and yet, by the combination of these disparate communications, we were able to set before the reader a continuous action. Of course, this was only a stunt; the merit of our little effort was in such dexterity as we might display in our utilization of an unprecedented way of conveying information. The incidents were invented to be adjusted to the documents of different kinds which we impressed into service; and the characters were subordinated to the necessities of our enterprise. We tried to keep the reader wondering what we would do next,—or rather how we would do it, how we would find our profit in all sorts of unexpected instrumentalities. In a full-length novel this would have been a wearisome strain on the attention, and our readers would have deserted us long before the lovers were landed in the haven of matrimony.

Ours was a hazardous venture; and such measure of success as we may have attained must be ascribed chiefly to its brevity. "What seems hazardous, and is not," said de Retz, "is nearly always wise." In the long run, any parade of ingenuity, of invention for its own sake, is not wise, because it tends to focus the attention on the difficulty overcome, thus distracting interest from the story itself, from that portrayal of life and character which is ever the prime function of fiction. Whenever the story-teller compels us to consider his paraphernalia, he is likely to obscure his meaning. The best told tale is that which hides from us the art of the author,—which is told as it is because there is no other way in which it could be told so well.

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VII

Besides the epistolary, the narrative, and the documentary methods there is one other which demands a briefer consideration. The very clever Frenchwoman who has disguised her identity behind the pen-name of "Gyp" is the author of many novels in dialogue, in which she has suppressed both description and analysis. She makes us know her characters only by what they say, informing us in infrequent asides and stage directions what they feel and what they think. They exist for the sake of talking; that is the reason of their being; and we must judge them solely by what they say. This may seem hazardous; but, if we may judge by the circulation of "Autour du Mariage" and its many sequels, Gyp was wise in doing as she did.

She was followed in France by Henri Lavedan and by a dozen or a score of others. She was imitated in England by "F. Anstey" whose "Voces Populi" showed that he was as clever in his own way as Gyp was in hers. Rudyard Kipling, always keen in his appreciation of the possibilities of different forms of story-telling, once wrote a novel in dialogue, "The Story of the Gadsbys", which has a wider range and a solider substance than Gyp or Lavedan had aspired to bestow on their satiric compositions. Conscious of its narrow limitations, Kipling has not of late returned to this form. It is a virtue of the novel in dialogue that it is exactly what it is here entitled; it is a novel and not a drama; it does not pretend to be a play; and therefore it is not to be classed with that bastard hybrid, the closet drama.

After all is said, it may be well for us to remind ourselves that "there are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays, and every single one of them is right."

EFFICIENCY AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

BY JOHN CARL PARISH

IT has long seemed that the efficiency methods of the business man could be applied with profit to various other professions which are today highly inefficient. Particularly is this true of the profession of literature. If it be possible to systematize and bring up to high business standards the methods of collecting material and the daily functioning of writers of high-grade ability, there is hope of the literary output assuming a place in the world equal in quality to the product of the expert business man. And if these principles enable the author to eliminate waste in production by arranging his working hours and methods on a scientific routine basis, there is an unlimited field for development. Possibly under those circumstances the profits might become sufficiently great —due to more rapid production—to at-

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tract to the writing profession men of the same intellectual calibre as the captains of our industries.

In the hope of encouraging such a reformation, let a high-class literary product be subjected to a definite efficiency analysis. The work of Robert Louis Stevenson has been chosen—partly because that writer is dead, and partly because of the high repute in which his product is held. It would seem obvious that, if one could attain an excellence that is notable with slack and unscientific methods of production, the change to up-to-date processes would not only result in an article of higher quality but would reduce the time in which such article could be produced, thus multiplying the man's usefulness to the world and also his pecuniary profits.

"Travels with a Donkey" has been chosen as the specific subject for analysis, first because it is typical, and second because it tells the story of the assembling of its own raw materials. The faults thus exhibited in Stevenson's methods of production are so apparent that it seems curious that his friends—he must have had friends with business experience—did not show him more modern ways of organizing his life work.

"Travels with a Donkey" recounts the experiences of Mr. Stevenson and a donkey named Modestine in the south of France during a period of about twelve days, and covering perhaps one hundred and twenty miles of distance. The inefficiency is not particularly apparent from these figures, although a walking tour might reasonably reach a higher average than ten miles per day.

The faults of the journey—which was obviously taken for the purpose of writing it up—resolve themselves into three distinct failures:

1. The failure to plan adequately the itinerary and equipment.
2. The failure to manage scientifically the day-to-day progress of events.
3. The inevitable failure of an untrained man—waste.

Instead of having a carefully laid out itinerary and knowing exactly the conditions of each night's stop, Mr. Stevenson several times groped his way late at night into a town which he had not intended to make on the trip. Often he camped out in places found at the last moment—sometimes suitable, sometimes quite otherwise. It is needless to say that this element of unexpectedness, this necessity of accommodating oneself to conditions not thought out in advance, was in a high degree destructive of efficiency.

As to his equipment, he bought—seemingly at a price above the market—a donkey without knowing whether or not he could drive one. A few lessons before starting might have made the journey more placid and successful. He also acquired a sleeping bag which he used for a sack upon the donkey's back. It served apparently well for purposes of a bed, although he does not tell the reader why he needed provision for sleeping out of doors when inns seemed to be numerous. As a sack to carry his somewhat unusual accessories the sleeping bag was anything but satisfactory, a fact which must have been foreseen if he had consulted proper experts before starting.

As a manager he was woefully incompetent. His unplanned itinerary has been mentioned. Judging from the remarks of those whom he passed by the way, he was far below the average in his ability to get work out of Modestine. On one day he records—without hint of apology—that it was two o'clock in the afternoon before he had written up his journal and repaired his knapsack sufficiently to con-

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tinue his travels. Consider what would happen to the traveling salesman if he consumed so much time making out reports and overhauling his sample cases. In this connection it might be suggested that if he had equipped himself with a cart as well as a donkey he could have carried his accessories more securely, could have saved much fatigue by riding instead of walking, and could perhaps have included in his outfit a typewriter, by means of which he could have recorded his observations upon the expedition with greater ease and speed.

The feature of waste is noticeable at every turn of the page. He wasted time trying to find the right road and retracing his steps from mistaken routes. He wasted time in ineffectual efforts to hasten the speed of Modestine, and in picking up from the dust, again and again, his fallen sack and replacing it as insecurely as before on the donkey's back. In one of these disasters he rearranged the load and actually threw away a bottle, a quantity of white bread, a leg of mutton, and an egg whisk, in order to make his bundles conform to a new mode of packing.

Perhaps the most characteristic example of waste, however, is noted in a chapter entitled "A Night Among the Pines". Here he describes his experiences during a night in the open under the pine trees. He apparently enjoyed the night very much and upon leaving the place in the morning felt called upon to make some payment. As he expressed it:

> I had been most hospitably received and punctually served in my green caravanserai. The room was airy, the water excellent, and the dawn had called me to a moment. I say nothing of the tapestries or the inimitable ceiling, nor yet of the view which I commanded from the windows; but I felt I was in some one's debt for all this liberal entertainment. And so it pleased me, in a half-laughing way, to leave pieces of money on the turf as I went along, until I had left enough for my night's lodging.

The absurdity of this performance strikes one at once, and is a sufficient indictment of the untrained methods of Mr. Stevenson. There was no likelihood of the money ever reaching the hands of the man who owned the property; and useless waste of this sort was worse even than giving alms to beggars.

It would seem unnecessary to go further in criticism of his methods. The account itself, naturally, takes on the characteristics of these methods. It has none of the convincing force of an advertising folder or a follow-up letter. It lacks the snap of a communication written by a business firm to its salesmen. It has rather a resemblance to a rambling letter from a bright but unbusinesslike man on the road writing in to the home office to tell why he is not selling the goods.

And yet the account is not without merits; and this and other writings of Mr. Stevenson's seem to have brought him considerable reputation. In view of this circumstance the point is again made—if Stevenson had been efficient, how much better his literary product would have been and how much more he could have produced in his given course of years.

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SOME NEW BOOKS ON THE NEGRO

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

TO present the negro solely in relation to the white race is to present him as the white man's negro. The failure to portray him in a more valid, not a more vital sense, has been inevitable, for until recent years he has had few leaders of his own. At his best—with what has grown to be a kind of orthodoxy—we have continued to depict him as the gentle servitor of "Toby's Bow", living selflessly the lives of the people whom he serves and adding dignity by his devotion; at his worst, as the savage of "The Clansman", inflamed to riot by contact with culture. We have not often presumed to attempt the negro at his happiest. But at his most tragic, we have conceived him as in "The Nigger", a creature of cupidity, coveting a world most vigilantly guarded, almost winning it by the mixture in his blood, and losing it eternally by the ironic prank of a black drop. His tragedy in such case has been a personal one in that he has suffered by himself, not with or for his people. Alone he has made his fight and with his back against the wall. That behind that wall of black there should be a sense of community and solidarity, a pride in tradition and in heritage, seems never to have occurred to us. Even in sober treatises, we have gone on behaving as though the black race were made up of scattered individuals without a racial consciousness.

Whether the war has made it evident to the negro that if refused the rights, he may still be called upon to perform the duties of his citizenship and in their highest and most sacrificial sense; whether the principles for which the war was waged have stirred the hopes of desired equality; whether the recent pressure of industrialism has made him realize his importance as an economic factor; or whether racial consciousness has found expression through more efficient leaders, this consciousness has quickened until it has required recognition. Indeed, its quickening is made the subject of the new books dealing with the negro and is made so, whether the author be white or black.

How great its impact may be upon the white consciousness is best shown in "The Rising Tide of Color", by Lothrop Stoddard, who makes its growth the matter of no one country, but of the whole world. This book is a statistical melodrama, best illustrated by its jacket. Nothing is so arresting as a map when highly colored; and it is a fortunate coincidence that Africa fits the back so aptly that its foreboding gloom may even threaten from the bookstalls. The subject-matter is intentionally presented in the same startling manner, for Mr. Stod-

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dard's aim is to stagger and alarm, to knock out from under the white man's smug assuredness that for all time the lion's share is his by right of colonization, trade, and conquest. His, it may be at the moment by political control; but the basic factor in human affairs, as Mr. Stoddard sees it, is not politics but race. That being so, it is well for him to be awakened to his dangers, to the restiveness felt for his control, to his outnumbering by his foes. He must be made to perceive the peril of immigration, of the ensuing fall in his own birth-rate; but above all of that color consciousness that is spreading rapidly throughout the world, ready at the signal to leap all continental obstacles in one gigantic conflagration.

How adequately to arm against the menace is the theme of the last portion of the book. Mr. Stoddard's own solution is a swift retreat from what he calls the outer dikes. This would involve the surrender of no white race areas. The inner dikes might then be safely constructed into a solid guarded wall behind which the white race might preserve its culture and supremacy, and above all, by eugenic propagation, the race type which in its integrity it is its duty to pass on. Where, while besieged, it would find its markets; how grow rich and fatten without what Mr. Stoddard himself admits to be exploited lands, he does not disclose. Nor does he settle in the reader's mind the doubt whether a race is still superior that puts itself to siege. More ideally, a wonder lurks whether if the white race type is to be preserved only by the method indicated, it may not lose its value in the very process of its preservation. Moth and rust do corrupt, even where thieves may not break in and steal. And a policy of such exclusiveness—who knows?—may shut out the very elements essential to its being. That, however, like much in the book, is matter for conjecture. The fact essential to the theme is the deepening of the color consciousness which in the instance of the Japanese triumph in 1904 has provoked a loud alarm.

In "The Negro Faces America", Mr. Seligmann's attitude is in sharp contrast. He deals with this consciousness only nationally, but while he does not blink at its fearful possibilities, he makes it a matter less for alarm than self-reproach. He blames the white race, not for the "new negro" in so far as he is a natural development; but he does blame it for the accidents of birth, for the oppressions which have marred with resentment and with a sense of difference what should have been a straight, clean pride of race. His book is thus an entreaty to declare a truce. If we will but come forth, he urges, from behind the barricade that we are still erecting, we may change conflicting aims for common ones.

The past, however, lives on in the present and traditional passions sway a multitude. In investigating the causes which have led to the erection of this barricade, his aim is thus to keep a scientific spirit and to let the facts speak for themselves. He starts with the foundation, the terror of black domination felt at the close of the Civil War. Then with acuteness he shows how industrial exploitation set to work, shrewdly shaping terror to a wall that would restrain the negro in his earlier position, if not as slave, then serf. In a virtual state of peonage he has remained, the victim often of loose business dealings and extortion from which he may find no redress. These failing, mob violence stirred by the old high-sounding names may be called in. Only natural,

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then, is the denial of education to the negro by the South, since "it is against the prosperous colored man that fury is most frequently directed". The conclusion is that what we had thought a race problem is an economic one, a part of our industrial and political life.

Since white responsibility is also the subject of Mr. Sandburg's "The Chicago Race Riots", it is to the white race that his message is addressed. He, too, like Mr. Seligmann, presents squarely, but with restraint, even what is most intolerable in the facts. In the effort to produce reform by an apprehension of conditions, the papers in this pamphlet were published in the Chicago "News" prior to the disturbance. They deal thus not with the actual riots, but the exploding causes, and stress not so much the attitude of the "new negro" as the excitements by which locally it was increased. At the same time they make clear the negro's awareness of his economic power and of industrial organization as the road to be pursued. The pamphlet is naturally less constructed, less pondered than Mr. Seligmann's careful thesis. But it has the advantage of its journalistic method, for by personal narrative and comment it makes vivid its statistics and analysis, and brings the general problem down to more specific terms.

How seriously the "new negro" is considered by the white man is obvious in the fact that for the most part, the books which deal with him are analyses and not interpretations. One recent play there is, however, by Ridgely Torrence, which breaks clear of the old traditions in its presentation of the negro's pride of race. "Granny Maumee" is its fierce translation into flesh and blood. Royal black is her line and royal black it shall stay. Her tragedy is not her blindness, incurred in the attempt to save her only son from lynching; not even, in comparison, the brooding horror of that crime; but her granddaughter's weak betrayal of her racial loyalty. Outlasting three generations, the old negress has clung to life in the hope that again a man child of her own blood will be given to her arms and is firm in the faith that at its coming she will be given back her sight. When by a miracle of belief her vision is restored, she is mocked at the very moment of her triumph. After a scene of elemental passion the play closes on the weak note of her forgiveness. Better, one likes to think, had she died as she had lived, proud, indomitable. But in contrast to the close there is a desperate beauty in the moment of discovery. The play, moreover, is written not in a spirit of propaganda or of patronage. Miscegenation and lynching play their parts, but they are the inexorable facts of an ironic tragedy.

When one turns to negro literature, it is impossible to affirm this racial consciousness as a new spirit, whatever be its modern manifestations. The poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar, it is true, reunite us with another world in which the negro, if considered, was the "white man's burden", not his "problem". They are simple-hearted people of whom he writes. Plantation life was yesterday and the habit of irresponsibility is still upon them. His attitude is thus primarily one of tenderness. But there are poems, "The Colored Soldiers", the "Ode to Ethiopia", where affection turned to pride speaks strongly. In the tributes to Frederick Douglass and to Booker Washington, there is exultation in the intrepid leaders of his own folk. Moreover, in the stern horror

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of "The Haunted Oak", in the challenge "To the South" against the new economic slavery, there is a vehemence, a lashing questioning that link him with the later negro poets.

Of his successors the most powerful is James Weldon Johnson. Though he uses dialect in his croons and jingles, his best poems are those where he is least indigenous, where he is the spokesman, not of the soil, but of the soul. In "O Black and Unknown Bards" by a sympathy, which is never sentimental, he has caught the elusive pathos and plaintive undertones of those who sang in bondage. But in "Fifty Years", a commemorative ode, he speaks with the new voice of race, celebrating his people as patriots in a land not of their own choosing and as citizens by the right of the brave contributions which they have added to its history. The clean strength of diction is suited to the elevation of the thought and sustains the conscious dignity of accomplishment. Significant, too, are the few poems of Joseph S. Cotter, Jr., who died recently at the age of twenty-two. "The Band of Gideon" by its opulent imagery, its impulsive rhythm and wild ringing chorus, claims blood relation to the negro spirituals which were its author's heritage. But there are two short poems written in free verse which are most memorable. In "A Mulatto to his Critics", Cotter writes with a whimsical gentleness of his delight in that inheritance that "crinkles his hair and puts sweet music in his soul". In stern contrast is the answer to this poem, "And What Shall You Say?", where in microcosm he has stated the crux of the whole negro question with a simple poignancy that at the same time holds no bitterness. It is a pity that in his brief life he did not write more poems of this kind.

The sturdy pride of race accomplishment is most clearly voiced in biographies, the most important of which are "The Black Man's Burden" by William Holtzclaw, principal of the Utica Normal and Industrial Institute, and "Finding a Way Out", by Robert Moton, who succeeded Booker Washington at Tuskegee. Stories of sheer grit and the triumph of character, they are not unlike the personal record of Booker Washington in "Up From Slavery". Like his book, moreover, they have two serious purposes, to secure the cooperation of the white race by convincing them of the need and benefits of negro education and to act as inspiration to those of their own people whose fortunes were their own. With these aims in mind, they are written with a complete candor and unself-consciousness and with the stress laid less on the individual attainments than on the racial possibilities which these attainments represent. For all that, as one reads of these two men, beginning life with every obstacle before them, and advancing irresistibly to the goal which they had set themselves, one is apt to lose the larger application in the personal romance. Our country has been founded by adventurers, merchant and spiritual, but they were not more doughty, more resolute in the face of danger than these negroes who struggled to find education, not merely for themselves, but for their race.

In "Darkwater", by W. E. B. Du Bois, there is the pride of rebellion that in its austerity knows no compromise. A champion of his people, he makes no plea for aid. Justice in the form of recognition is what he wants, not mercy; and for justice one does not rightly sue. What has

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brought him to his defiant attitude is, first, his own intellectuality and sensitiveness of temperament. His is the resistance of a high spirit that must ride free. But added to the personal revolt against a prejudice that has worked harm to himself and to the people whom he loves, there is indignation against it as a wastrel which wrecks men's usefulness or talent by the irrelevance of color.

The first chapter of biography is written that we—the white race—may look in upon him, only to look out upon the world bathed in that sinister light that has been cast by race. For that purpose it is necessary that we know his people; his grandfather, a stern, silent man who, while ship-steward, slyly wrote his poetry,—"stilted bitter things from a soul astray"; his romantic roving father; his mother, whose infinite patience was curiously the covering of her force. For these people whom he portrays with beauty and with dignity, and whose struggle against poverty he accepted first unconsciously, came later to have a significance above the personal one, when he perceived the nature of the pressure that drove them from their farms to menial jobs. His own early untroubled years by the "golden river" in the Berkshires, his sharp awakening to the world as not before him where to choose, but as a place of narrow range; the personal triumph by which he forced its bounds, he tells only that we may realize that the exhilaration of the personal triumph came to weigh as nothing beside the sobering conviction that he must engage himself in the larger conflict of his race.

How far the iron has entered in his soul is evident in the next chapters where he shows the evil passion that "the modern discovery of personal whiteness" has engendered in both races, black and white. In its fierce exaltation of the colored peoples and its hatred for the Anglo-Saxon, this book might well be an answer to the gage let fall by Mr. Stoddard, for to much that Mr. Stoddard claims it gives the lie direct. Indeed, were it not for the few fraternizing hands held out along the lines, one might view these two as engaged in single combat to the death between the lists. But while Mr. Stoddard enters the fray from fear, from the basic instinct of self-preservation, Mr. Du Bois seeks out the contest prompted by resentment and by hate. Motives enough he furnishes for his eager presence: the restrictions and discriminations that enthrall his people; the murder and mob-violence that so often have made their lives an existence of capitulation and of fear; the conscienceless exploiting that led to foreign colonization and so directly to the war. It is a stern indictment and one to which we cannot close our ears. It is a lesson, however, that cannot be driven home by storming, no matter how righteous be the anger. Better is it imparted by such careful scholarly instruction as that furnished in "Negro Migrations During the War" by Dr. Emmett Scott, where the emotion is reached through the intelligence. The significance of "Darkwater" thus lies in the spiritual history of the author and in the passages of lyrical poetic beauty where he has expressed the extremity of racial pride.

From its black philosophy it is a relief to turn to what is a significant venture for the negro race, a book that marks a distinct advance in education over the past indifferent methods. This is "The Upward Path; a Reader for Colored Children". The selec-

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tions in it are ably chosen and present a great variety. They include, for instance, a short story and a poem of Paul Laurence Dunbar's, excerpts from the lives of Scott Bond, Booker Washington, Holtzclaw, and Du Bois, the adventures of Henson, Peary's companion at the Pole, and of Shepard in the Congo, the patriotic poems of Johnson and of Cotter, and the "Credo" of Du Bois. The result is a volume that is of interest, whatever be the race or age. But more important is the fact that it must accomplish its intent. For while giving pleasure, it will foster the love of tradition, and from the evidences of past accomplishment, an honest racial pride.

The Rising Tide of Color. By Lothrop Stoddard. Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Negro Faces America. By Herbert Seligmann. Harper and Bros.
The Chicago Race Riots. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Granny Maumee. By Ridgely Torrence. The Macmillan Co.
Complete Poems. By Paul Laurence Dunbar. Dodd, Mead and Co.
Fifty Years. By James Weldon Johnson. The Cornhill Co.
The Band of Gideon. By Joseph S. Cotter, Jr. The Cornhill Co.
The Black Man's Burden. By William Holtzclaw. The Neale Publishing Co.
Finding a Way Out. By Robert Russa Moton. Doubleday, Page and Co.
Darkwater. By W. E. B. DuBois. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Negro Migrations During the War. By Emmett Scott. Oxford University Press.
The Upward Path. Compiled by Pritchard and Ovington. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE

NEW YORK, *December*, 1920.

WITH this paper, having sometime since got back from our travels, we return to the "head" carried by our articles before we became Murray Hill on wheels. We are demobilized, rendered stationary—until such time as we again take wing.

But we have no intention of becoming less voluble because of that. When we have ceased to talk you may know that our spirit has, as Stevenson puts the matter, "left behind a mocking, tragical, and soon intolerable residue, which must be hurriedly concealed". Or, to say the thing with something less of "style", that it is time to bury us. And, maybe then, we shall arise in our large, white cravat and say, "One word more".

Until that dire time, however, put your mind at ease. You may count on an adequate supply of eloquent and moral teaching from the one authentic spring, name-blown-in-the-bottle brand. Beware of imitations, and take no substitute. In short, patronize us and you will prosper.

As we say, we are again doing business under the old sign-board "With Malice Toward None". But—there are a lot of things to be said now about that head. We are beginning to fear that throughout our past we have been too soft, too much the good and easy man. Bad! Very bad thing for a first-rate talent. What is it the most knowing of living American critics (though he is today frequently called very old school),—what is it W. C. Brownell says of Lowell? That he possessed "too little *malice* to be distinctly penetrating". Yep! Right-O!

Away, then, with the soft pedal! Skidoo the pussyfoot! Soak it to 'em to get "Results"! We're agoin' to take

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a new tack. We're agoin' now to be *mean*. We used to be "sly", like Pastor S. M. Crothers. No more of that for we. Hereafter we call a spade a tank. We'll kick a man after we've knocked him down—and then sit on him. Savage, Ferocious, those are our middle names—Murray Savage Ferocious Hill. Get us? Here goes:

What's "eating" us? This: There's that old "stall", "What is the matter with American literature?" Whenever it is got out, then there is a lot of pulling the mournful, and everybody says the matter is that "literature" has gone by the board; nobody *really cares*, you know, about literature any more; nobody now reads the "classics"; no such being remains as the "literary man", or "man of letters"; there are no "salons", no literary society"; all authors now "write merely for money"; readers read simply to be "entertained"; publishers—well, publishers are some kind of white-slavers, and so on, and so on. Sad, very sad!

Listen! as Mr. Whistler used to say in opening his (deliciously malicious) Ten O'Clock. Or, in the words of Rube Collins, "Take it from me, Bo!" The trouble with American literature is that it is altogether too confounded literary. Every writer is far and away too much a literary man. There is a stifling amount of literary society. What'll you bet 't ain't so?

Take an example now. Here's a young writer. Or rather, let us say, here's a young man. What does he do? He's leading a wholesome sort of life, one that's good for him—good for his mind. He is a pawnbroker's assistant, let us say, or something like that. Something of a reader on the side. Takes in a magazine or two. Is bitten by the bug to write. Writes something. Gets away with it. Why not? For heaven's sake! if we were a pawnbroker's assistant we'd have something to write about, too.

Well, the long and the short of the thing is, this poor devil becomes a "writer". He begins to "run with" other writers. An awful thing! He hears writing, and writers, talked all the while. The thing he wrote, which made his reputation (and destroyed his soul), was called "Runabout Rambles". Then he wrote another thing called "Sandyduff". (This was even worse.) He gives up the pawnshop. Alas! alas! the best thing that God could have devised for his art—*for there in that pawnshop beat the dark wings of the angel Life.*

Down, down he went. My man, and my good woman, we hate to tell you (indeed, we do!), but this misguided sap (who had begun to call himself Rudolph Custard Hinkledew) became an editor. He just naturally soaked himself in book stuff. He was introduced everywhere (in the "literary society" which had swallowed him) as the author of "Runabout Rambles". Or as the author of "Sandyduff" (which, as we have said, was worse). Or as the editor of "Printed Leaves". The formula everywhere employed (in the salons which he frequented) ran as follows: "Come, I want to present you to Mr. Rudolph Custard Hinkledew, the *author* of 'Runabout Rambles' and of 'Sandyduff' and the *editor* of 'Printed Leaves'." (You see how mean we're getting.)

He was never allowed to get away from the idea that he was the "author" of this and the "editor" of that. He took quite a fancy to himself. He buzzed round town all "het" up with what a big little noise he was making. Just like that! People he had never heard of wrote him letters of eulogy. We tell you they were fine, too! Rudolph used to read them to people. Ad-

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mirers (from goodness knows where!) sought his "autograph". He wrote the *wittiest* things in his inscriptions.... Fine young ladies made sheep's eyes at him. (He fancied himself still more.) He went to "literary teas". He grew accustomed to hear something referred to as his *"name"*. Rival publishers bid for his next book. (Oh! He was some lad, all right; he could see that with half an eye.) He was in the papers every little bit. Got so that when he wasn't in threw down papers kind of huffed. Gave "lectures". People crowded round at close. Famous character, you know! Was "entertained".

* * * *

Good medicine may he yet find, and if he is *artist* enough he will find it: to forget "literature", go where nobody ever heard of the author of this or the editor of that, and if they should learn he was these things would yell for the bouncer to have him chucked out.

* * * *

For the "classics" of the first water were made by men who took their art and wrestled with it in the solitary pain of creation, forgetful of all shop clatter, caught up in the joy of that alone.

* * * *

Think it over.

MURRAY HILL

A MEMORY OF GEORGE D. SMITH

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

STAYING while I was in New York no more than a perilous Fifth Avenue crossing from his shop in Forty-fifth Street, I found myself constantly with G. D. S., to invest a few dollars (we collectors never spend our money, we invest it) and to refresh my contented but sometimes tired mind. I went once or twice without seeing him, so that on our first meeting I had established myself as a customer, insignificant enough in the affairs of this Napoleon of booksellers, but still a customer. And to be interested in a customer was a long half of his secret. We took to each other at once—at least I am sure I took to him, and I can but suppose, from the way he dealt with me then and thereafter, that he did to me. Every other day or so when I was in the city I spent half an hour with him, growing in admiration of the man and his sweeping vitality, floundering always in delightful temptation, delivering myself usually at a generous discount, and forming a friendship that I promised myself was to be a long and treasured one.

He reminded me always of some great comic hero out of Molière. It has been said of G. D. S. that he had no care for literature, that he was concerned only with books. It is true enough, but it did not matter. He was not the only bookseller of whom it could be said, but, unlike some of the others, he made no bones about it. And yet books were no dull commodities of

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sale for him; they were all glamour and romance, as surely as poetry or the prophets might be to another man. He was that way by nature, hardgrained though he may have seemed to those who knew him slightly or only as competitors. I have never known a man of more finely adventurous instincts; he had imagination, the kind that was in Scapin and Peer Gynt. He did not care for literature, it is true. He had hardly any thought of it. But he might have cared very deeply for it; he had the right temper. It pleased me to fancy that he enjoyed my friendship the more in that I was a maker of books as well as a collector. As he showed me an immaculate copy of the 1645 Milton or an uncut Gray's "Elegy" in the original wrappers, suggesting that these were by the lowest standards better than any government stock, I could, I thought, detect a touch of wistfulness, as though he knew that in these things there were yet further delights that he had not time to share. I know that when a certain work of mine pleased him I felt that it was just the sort of public that was very much worth while.

On entering his shop it was hardly necessary to inquire whether G. D. S. was in. One felt it. I suppose no bookseller could ask for a better staff than his, and yet he was a man who would have fretted with a staff of bibliophilic angels. He wanted to do everything himself, and when he was on the premises there was something in the air that told you he was doing everything. I imagine that there must have been chaos for a time after his death, so much special knowledge about his immense stock did he carry in his head. I am sure that it was a distress to him that he could not deliver his own parcels. He had the heart of a genius in bibliography—I have heard him describe with touching affection how in the early days he discovered his golden land under the direction of that aristocrat of collectors, Beverly Chew. A perfect copy, uncut, with the first title-page and the rare leaf of errata was truly as the music of the spheres to him, and this wholly irrespective of the fact that it meant a thousand dollars profit. And yet I have heard him deliver a volley of titanic passion upon an erring binder who had exceeded his estimate by seventy-five cents. He had the strange inconsequence of all great men, and that he was a great man in his own sphere I had no doubt from the moment I set eyes upon him.

He was clearly working at a deadly pace, though one did not suppose that so vital an instrument could die. More than once I insisted that he must come out to lunch when he proposed to work straight through the day without respite. And then he would come docilely, with a rare and childlike charm. He was so accustomed to command (I always thrill at the thought of his domination in the great London sale rooms) that he liked to be mastered in some of the simple affairs of living. It was the stuff of comedy to see him buttoning up his overcoat, saying the while that he couldn't spare the time, and that if he went out there was no one else....

He had the charming courtesy that so often marks the tyrant. I took my wife in to see him once out of hours. He lit his shop, and took her around the premises with a lovely eagerness to interest her, to impress upon her that this book-dealing business was a great affair. Did she care for illuminated manuscripts—then to the inner recesses of his safe, and here was one that such a millionaire felt that he couldn't afford yet. Mrs. Smith must be found: we must all have dinner to-

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gether, and a theatre—any theatre we liked—afterward. And when it came, what a dinner. A thing to make the most practised hostess in two capitals envious, arranged and carried through with the satisfaction of a successful schoolboy on holiday. I shall never forget him at a certain hotel on that occasion. He shone with power, the rare power of making his friends happy. And I remember, too, a heroic evening (in dry America?) with Dr. Rosenbach and Mitchell Kennerley and Lewis Hind, when he helped to make bibliography a theme worthy of an Odyssey. How I, who like to put a pencil note in my first edition of Boswell's Johnson that it is "rare", and in the case, say, of the 1646 Shirley, to add "extremely", listened to him and his peer of Philadelphia defining what "rare" meant to them. Nothing was admitted of which there were known more than two copies and a half.

G. D. S's generosity was in keeping with the general build of the man. Whenever I got a chance I attended the Anderson sales, and took a place beside him. His bidding was full of humor. He would carry a book freely by twenty dollar bids, speaking by a flick of his catalogue, and then well on in the hundreds he would make an advance of twenty-five cents, delighting naively to tumble the auctioneer in his stride. New York has many great booksellers, and they, with Dr. "Rosey" and others, could keep the wits even of G. D. S. alive; but Mr. Drake and Mr. Wells and Mr. North would, I am sure, gladly allow that he was the man who really set the pace. And sometimes, when he was insistent on one lot after another, the competition would flag a little, and some scarce book would slip through at a notably bargain price. Then his generosity showed itself. Once a beautiful copy of a very rare seventeenth century poet in his first edition was up. There was a lull in the bidding, and it went to G. D. S. at a considerable sum, but at about one-third of its current market price. Although sometimes I asked him to bid for me on commission, I had not done so in this case, considering the book to be altogether beyond my reach. As it was knocked down to him, he turned to me and said, "You can have it if you like." He could have made five hundred dollars profit on it within twenty-four hours. That was a big thing to do, really a big thing of the spirit. Don Quixote would have done it.

Two days before I left America, my wife and I dragged him out to lunch as was our custom. He was coming to England soon. He had a colt that might be good enough for the Derby. He would christen it John Drinkwater. He had just bought a French library for a quarter of a million dollars. Would I write a preface for Miss Henrietta Bartlett's lectures? He was to publish them. I selected a Cowper letter from his stock. He called for his cashier to make the bill out. The cashier was not in:—"Cut it out then —take it to England with my love, Drinkwater." We walked down the street together, and took photographs. Then on the morning that we were sailing I ran across to say goodby. He was always up and about soon after six o'clock. I made one last plunge among his books, and he came back to the hotel for breakfast. He would be in England before the summer was out, and of course we should meet. And when next we came to America we were to live at his country house. There would be motor-cars, and he liked the country, to sit and look at the pigs. Go on buying books, my boy: you buy right, and you can't go wrong

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with them. When we were on the ship we found our cabin garlanded with the hospitality in which America leaves every other people standing. And among the piled tributes of friendship, colossal among them was the hamper of fruit and flowers from G. D. S. With some people such magnitude is mere ostentation. With others it is native largeness of heart. From him it was a splendid buoyancy, a determination to outdo all. We sailed, and two days later a Marconigram came. G. D. S. was dead. I have never suffered so dark a sorrow for a friend of so short a knowing.

THE LONDONER

B. M. Croker—Her Punctuation—The Rise of the Indian Novel—A Recipe for Best Sellers—Corrective to the Foregoing—Bad Medical Books—A Publisher's Telegrams—New Books—Harrod's Book Week—A. A. Milne's Plays—William Heinemann—A Few Hints to Publishers.

LONDON, *November* 1, 1920.

THE death of Mrs. Croker was not altogether unexpected, as she has been unwell for a considerable time; but she will be missed as a woman, even more than as an author. To the last she retained her charming brogue, and if her tales of the villainies of publishers were always a trifle tinged with exaggeration she was always a vivacious talker. It is probably true that her earliest—and best—novels were bought outright for sums much smaller than the amounts they would have earned upon a royalty basis; but she was not without commercial sense, or sense of the commercial value of her books, and for some years she certainly accepted not less than her work was marketably worth. As a novelist she had two strings to her bow—Ireland and India. Irish birth and a long residence in India gave her the strings, and if the patterns she worked with them were largely the same pattern, that would not displease her patrons in the least. I cannot recall having read, in recent years, a great many of her books; but some of them I have certainly read, quite lately. The last was an early novel, "Beyond the Pale" —astonishingly workmanlike, and very readable. Its scene was Ireland. The latest published book I have read was "Lismoyle", which appeared in 1914. There were stock characters in it, and stock incidents and settings; but it had the Croker freshness all through, a kind of tale-telling instinct, enlivened by a genuine gusto in unfolding even an ancient piece of knitting.

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Mrs. Croker's unique punctuation—of which she was very proud—also adorned the book. Quite what she understood by punctuation I never knew; but in her hands the comma was deliberately used to devastate per-

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fectly decent English. In ancient days Mrs. Croker was dogged by printers, who changed her punctuation (it is a thing printers in England frequently do, unless they are feverishly warned beforehand); but Mrs. Croker one day read an early book and was shocked to find that there had been some tragic interference with her remarkable comma system. She immediately read through the greater number of her books (there must be about fifty of them altogether), and repunctuated them throughout. She was proudly indifferent to ordinary punctuation. Her own was supreme. I never saw anything like it. Unfortunately I cannot quote an exact specimen; but her custom was something like this:

> Eileen, went down the road, murmuring; to herself, and looking, ahead, for she observed, coming, towards her a cow, of the most unusual, size.

As far as I recollect that is not an exaggeration; but a mild example. And Mrs. Croker was absolutely unshakable in her adherence to all the commas.

* * * *

About the Indian novels I cannot speak with so much knowledge. It is years since I read one, and Indian novels are among the most popular of all novels in England. I mean, novels about station and social life in British India. Mrs. Croker's were among the popular novels, but not the most popular. She never had the distinction of a Kipling, and never the popularity of a Dell or a Diver. (Are these latter allusions obscure to the American reader? I wonder.) Let me explain. Twenty years ago, Kipling was supreme as a man who wrote about Indian life—the life led by officers and their wives on the stations and in places such as Simla. There was only one woman novelist—Flora Annie Steel—who was at all famous for such work; and her books were long, serious, and conscientious tales with accurate local color and a fair amount of tragic emotionalism in them. Kipling never wrote a full-length novel of social life in India. He had other fish to fry. But he made several—as it were—cameos in the form of short stories. He got the tone of that society, with its parochial interests and its strain of simple-minded sexual preoccupation. (Where there are few women in a small community love flutters about rather loose, and scrutiny is half-malicious and half-sophisticated.) It was in Mrs. Steel's books that later women novelists, some of whom have never visited India, found their inspiration. Her books set the tone for the others.

* * * *

And what a lot of others there have been! I do not speak necessarily of such writers as Mrs. Penny and Mrs. Perrin, who assiduously record, as they have been for years recording, the amorous adventures of people residing in the English colony somewhere or other in India. There are many besides these two. It will be remembered that one of England's present best sellers, Ethel M. Dell, wrote a book called "The Way of an Eagle". It was a book, a first novel, which was published without expectation of a furore, and for a time its sale was slow. But gradually the sale grew. It leaped. It buzzed and hummed. And at last a best seller was going like a comet through England. That book was not only a best seller. It was much more. It was about India. And moreover it contained the recipe for best selling in England. It was long; it was sentimental; it was brutal; and the foregone conclusion was deferred by ingenious means for many many pages. I forget whether the hero and

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heroine were married early in the book; but they certainly took long compromising journeys together, and slept out in the open, and did all sorts of things to stir the prurience of the average novel-reader. And the heroine hated the hero all through the book, so that in the end, with her pride humbled, she should acknowledge him lovingly as her master. She acknowledged, that is, his physical domination. I do not think Miss Dell planned this sublime success. I think she wrote with all her heart, and Providence saw to it that what had pleased Miss Dell should please hundreds of other Englishwomen.

There is another novelist of India who can deliver the goods—Maud Diver. Mrs. Diver certainly appears to know India. I doubt if Miss Dell has been there; but she may have been, and she handles her local color with great effect. Mrs. Diver scored a tremendous success with "Captain Desmond, V.C." That was India. She followed it up with a novel, "The Great Amulet", in which the Desmonds (the V.C. and his second wife) reappeared. And she hit by some glorious instinct upon the best beloved scheme known to novel-readers. Her hero and heroine were married in the first chapter, but were parted before nightfall through jealousy and pride. They did not meet again for five years. In those five years the hero had taken to smoking opium-charged tobacco. When they met again he saved her life and they exchanged stiff greetings. And their love rose up again like a fierce fire. It was not long before they were passionately embracing. That was only half-way through the book. "What the devil!" cries the impatient critic. "What the devil's going to keep them apart now?" The answer is: his scruples. The heroine didn't care. She saw no reason to delay their happiness. But the hero did. He kept the poor girl waiting for a year, and two hundred pages, while he wrestled with the opium craving. Then at last they could have a baby, after the man had broken his neck, died of cholera, died of rheumatic fever, and been half over India.

You appreciate the point, don't you? The whole art of sentimental novel-writing is to keep on cheating the reader's expectation of the nuptial bed. It was realized in the beginning by that profound student of human nature, Samuel Richardson. His Pamela was always escaping dangers which make our hair stand on end. Mr. B. was always hiding in cupboards and doing everything else possible to compass her ruin. Never was known such suspense. It was the recipe. Once throw two people together in life, and knowledge of the course of propinquity is enough to keep every reader alert. The desert island is a familiar theme. The marriage of two who separate immediately and meet again later, or two who execute a *mariage de convenance* and fall subsequently in love, is infallible. It has inspired thousands of novels and novelettes. It will inspire thousands more. Two people who have been linked by circumstance or the law are born to be lovers, the more ardent because of early distaste or misunderstanding. Get them indissolubly linked, and every struggle will draw them closer together. Then throw in another woman for the man, and another man for the woman, with plenty of talk about love, about men (as a sex) and women (as a species), and you have a best seller. See if I'm not right. And if there can be local color involving hardship, illness, nursing, unusual opportunities for intimacy and wanton misunderstanding, so much the better. India, Australia,

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Africa, North America. Why, I could almost write a best seller myself!

One thing I had nearly forgotten. Proneness to the use of drink or drugs is a very good thing. It is always likely to delay the eventual happiness of the pair. For that, it must be a temptation for the man to fight down. This gives the woman a chance to be (a) bravely patient, (b) helpful, or "womanly", (c) a constant inspiration, (d) the active force in bringing about union. That is, it enables her to express her love in more outspoken terms than would otherwise be allowable. And the point may be stressed by the man, in explaining his need to fight the demon, saying painfully: "If there should be a...child...!" But delay is the main thing. Delay the culmination. Once suspense is at an end, close the book. Hang it out, if you can, for four or even five hundred pages; but as soon as you have exhausted your expedients for delay, be brief. It is then no time for rhapsodies. The nightjar or the owl, or any nocturnal bird, may utter some comment. The moon may rise. The sea may creep up the sands, or the trees may whisper; in the village a dog may bark; lights may begin to twinkle in distant houses. But as soon as anything of that sort happens the book must close. Its work is done. The ultimate speech for any hero in any best seller is a speech nobody ever makes in serious conversation in real life. It is the solemn word, "Come".

* * * *

In what I have said above I may inadvertently have given the impression that novels—even best sellers—are written to plan. I do not believe this, and have said as much on previous occasions. They are written in accordance with the novelist's own taste. Very few bad books are deliberately bad. They are bad because the authors have a natural instinct to write bad books. Good books are written in the same way. Not by the results alone may you detect good or bad novelists; but by the personalities the books express. The same applies to works other than fiction. Bad economics or bad medical works are the result of intrinsic badness in the authors.

* * * *

Talking of bad medical works, I recently picked up a book about the numerical superiority of females in the world. It was not a Stopes book, about radiant motherhood. It purported to deal in a scientific spirit with the economic position of women. It pounded away at its thesis, which was that women *ought* to have boy babies, and not girls. With my hair on end I turned page after page of this burning essay. The author said that this and this had been urged as a means of equalizing the balance—equal pay, equal education, and so on; but that these were only palliatives. The one way was to control the sex of all children at conception. It sounded magnificent; but by the time the point was reached I was staggered to find how few more pages remained to be read. Finally, upon the last page of all, was an address to which intending mothers of male children were to apply for absolutely infallible advice. The whole book, in fact, was an advertisement. It reminds me that a publisher once received a telegram from a great friend, urging him to communicate at once, before it was too late, with somebody who had written a work of world-shaking importance. In a fever, he rose from his bed and roused his office. He wired right and left, all over England: "What is the nature of this work? For God's sake reveal title." In reply he received: "The predetermination of

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sex in unborn infants." I still remember with almost hysterical mirth the publisher's collapse at receipt of the reply. He was an unmarried sceptic, and he cared no more about this subject than the man in the moon.

* * * *

Other telegrams I have heard of relate to the dispatch of a portion of a manuscript to—it was alleged—the most dignified publisher in London. After a few days, the author swore that he received a telegram from the dignified publisher: "Is pudding up to sample?" He answered: "No. You have the plum." Instantly he heard again, the publisher wiring: "Send along the dough." I never knew if the book was accepted; it must have been an exceptional work to provoke such telegraphic scintillations.

* * * *

All this has very little to do with the state of the book trade in London at the present moment; but the truth is that what with strikes and economy and high prices the book trade is rather stagnant just now. The books which are selling best of all, I am told, are non-fiction. Of these Wells's "Outline of History", in a one-volume edition at a guinea (very good value), and Colonel Repington's book of wartime reminiscences are the most successful. Mrs. Asquith's book is not yet ready, but is due in a day or two. It is sure to have a great run, because only a portion of the whole has been serialized. Walter de la Mare's poems are being widely noticed. Otherwise it is a dull season, and has little that is outstanding.

Among novels I should say that Walpole's "The Captives" is standing well out from the rest. It has very few competitors at the moment of writing. Lawrence's "The Lost Girl" is just out (this is the book I announced some months ago as "The Bitter Cherry"), and will probably make some stir. Otherwise there does not seem to be anything remarkable from the literary point of view. Gilbert Cannan, I hear, is back in London, and once more at work on novel-writing. It is some time since he published any fiction, so I shall be interested to see whether his wide travels of the last two years have had any effect upon his manner and his matter. The other "young novelists" seem to be saving themselves for the spring. May their work benefit by the delay!

* * * *

One effort which is being made over here to encourage the purchase of books deserves mention. It may be a commonplace in America; but in London it is an innovation. This is nothing more nor less than a "Book Week" at Harrod's Stores. The manager of the book department, Miss Pook, recently spent some time in the States, and seems to have returned full of schemes. At this Book Week various well-known writers are expected to put in an appearance, some of them to speak; and although I am a little in the dark as to the actual procedure I suppose their appearances will be duly scheduled. I can imagine no more pleasing spectacle than the relative crowds to attend the different speeches. It should be a notable indication of relative popularities. I was told that Thomas Hardy had been invited to open the proceedings; but I presume that this depends very much upon circumstances, even if the great novelist can be prevailed upon in any case. There is a good deal to be said for such forms of encouragement to book buyers; though I doubt if most good writers care to make shows of themselves, even in so general and good a

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cause as the selling of other authors' works.

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I see that A. A. Milne's play, "Mr. Pim Passes By", is to be issued in America by Doran. It will no doubt be included in the second volume of "Plays" which Milne is preparing for spring publication here. This book should also contain the new play which has just been staged with such success by Arthur Wontner at the Comedy Theatre. The title of this play is "The Romantic Age", and although it is very slight in texture it is a most radiant affair. Milne's best work has hitherto been discoverable in his shorter pieces, and there are many of us who have cherished the most exquisite memories of his "Punch" series, "The Rabbits". It seems to me that "The Romantic Age" captures for the theatre the charm of "The Rabbits", and apart from some tenuity in the second act the whole thing is extraordinarily sustained nonsense. I am so glad, for Milne's talent is just about the freshest and most charming we have in its own vein of light humor. He possesses the greatest gift I know of writing nonsense that curls round and round about one's heart. It is the simplest and most delicious kind of nonsense, the kind of stuff that moves laughter without any least stain of sophistication. If that can be made into plays with success, then it will be possible yet to make the theatre a place for wholesome amusement. In my opinion "The Romantic Age" is technically much superior to "Mr. Pim", of which my recollection is already of a rather scattered entertainment.

* * * *

The death of William Heinemann the other day removed from the world one of the most individual of English publishers, and one of the very few who knew anything about books. Heinemann's business only dates from the 'nineties; but a glance at his catalogue is enough to show that it is the work of one who, without being grandiose, saw and planned largely and courageously. Mistakes he made of course. He missed some good works and ventured upon some mediocre ones. But of what publisher cannot that be said? The point remains that Heinemann's standard was a high one, that his publications for thirty years have been distinguished by their quality and the courage of their producer, and that above all things Heinemann was the nearest approach we have to an international publisher—a publisher with international horizons. To him we owe the complete translations of Turgenev, Ibsen, Dostoyevsky, Heine; the incomplete translations of Björnson, Tolstoy (by Mrs. Garnett); and the translations of many books from the German, Norwegian, French, Spanish, and Italian. He published a very large number of novels, and of that number the majority were worth publishing—few publishers could claim as much. He was not a poacher of successful authors; but made reputations by his own confidence. In the publishing trade his reputation was high, and he interested himself actively in several schemes in aid of employees in the trade. He was absorbed in publishing.

For some years Heinemann had been president of the Book Trade Provident Society. He had helped this society in many ways, securing lectures and performances for its lighter entertainment, superintending its committees, unhesitatingly giving time and attention to details which he might have been excused for neglecting. He was the worst speaker I ever heard; but, although it must have been torture for

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him, he spoke at public meetings of the society, and pursued his task to its unrewarded end. He was in every sense a good publisher. Before his death he had completed arrangements for an edition de luxe of the works of Joseph Conrad, and another of one of the leading novelists' principal books. He had taken over the publication of George Moore, and had stood the racket of a libel action frivolously brought against the author and publisher of "Lewis Seymour". He was one of the few intelligent members of that singular body, the Publishers' Association.

* * * *

Macmillans, I see, have taken over the works of W. E. Henley, and are going to publish them in a series of volumes. A great deal still remains to be done in the matter of collecting the works—at present scattered—of various writers of secondary importance and first-rate literary interest. In this respect Macmillans have a great opportunity, and it is good to see that they are not averse from taking it. Many writers who have enjoyed a small, and still unconsolidated, success would benefit by having their works brought together in a convenient form. One of these is Richard Jefferies. Another is William Hazlitt (the big edition of whose works, which might still be increased by a couple of well-edited volumes, is now at a premium). A third is George Gissing. I name these three, not as comparable writers, but as the first three who come into my head. There are plenty more of them. Small publishers cannot lock up money in such enterprises; but larger firms would find them profitable in the long run. Macmillans once made a heroic start with Charles Lever; but that must have been a well-nigh impossible adventure. So, I suppose, would a set of Trollope; but at least Trollope's major works (outside the Barsetshire sets of which there are plenty) might be put within our reach. I have many other suggestions, which I will unfold in due time; but these will do for the present.

SIMON PURE

TWO WOMEN WRITERS OF THE SOUTH

MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

By Mary Newton Stanard

WHEN Margaret Prescott Montague's "England to America" appeared in a magazine, many readers proclaimed it her best story. Later, it was awarded the O. Henry Memorial Prize of five hundred dollars as the best American short story of the year, was published in "O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories, 1919", and as a separate book. Then "Uncle Sam of Freedom Ridge" made his first appearance on any stage, was given book form, praised by the President, and filmed by Harry Levey—who paid two hundred dollars a word for the privilege. Speaking of these brain-children, Miss Montague says:

"I don't like people to think I wrote 'England to America' with propaganda

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in mind. I didn't. I felt that there was a wistful spirit among some of the best elements in England reaching out for America's sympathy. They couldn't say what they felt—they were too proud, too reserved. But I wanted to try to interpret them and let them see that we would understand, and to assure them that in the midst of all our love for France we were not unmindful of England's great, silent, heart-breaking heroism. I can't, of course, declare that 'Uncle Sam' is free from the plea for the League of Nations, but even 'Uncle Sam' discloses a more universal theme—that of the Atonement, and also the idea that the small self continually destroys the larger self, but that the larger self always has its resurrection."

Miss Montague's family tree shows kinship to Prescott, the historian, and to Harriet Prescott Spofford. One of her mother's first cousins was dean of Radcliffe College and wife of Professor Agassiz; another the wife of President Felton, of Harvard. A young woman with such a background who admits "an incurable interest in politics and religion", might seem a formidable person. Her father, after graduation at Harvard, marrying one of the clever Cary cousins, and going to London to study law at the Temple, decided for his health's sake to take up farming in West Virginia, where his gifted daughter first saw the light.

If you can draw from her some of the bright, fresh chatter about herself which her friends delight in, your mind's eye will catch vivid pictures of this adorable Margaret—for she is simply "Margaret" to scores of people—at various stages from babyhood to womanhood. In some of these she and her chum—her brother Cary—are playing with barefooted mountain children, or with those brownies of the South, little darkies. Others show a wee maid in pinafore and plaits at the knee of her cultivated mother, who gave her most of her early education, or (book and slate under arm) trotting beside brother Cary to the log free school—making note by the way of frowning mountain, laughing brook, or whispering tree, for she lives in close intimacy with Mother Nature. Then she listens to tales told by Scotch and English "younger sons" settled in her neighborhood. Later, she is a familiar figure in the scene at White Sulphur Springs, near her home, "Oakhurst". So she has had ample opportunity of observing life.

At seventeen she is in Richmond, under "Miss Gussie" Daniel who, she says, "discovered my small ability". Early intimations of this ability crop out in a memory-picture of herself composing her first story, before she could write. "Driving along behind my mother and father in our wagonette," she says, "my imagination was busy with the adventures of my hero"—a boy who dyed himself with pokeberry juice and joined a circus.

Miss Montague had published four novels before becoming an essayist and short-story writer. "The Poet, Miss Kate and I" had nature for its theme, with a love story to hold it together. "The Sowing of Alderson Cree", portraying West Virginia mountaineer life, found hosts of readers, and is now having an up-to-date revival as a photoplay. "In Calverts Valley" pictures life in a mountain country town, while "Linda", like its author, "vibrated between the back woods and the Back Bay".

Other books planned were laid aside to write magazine stories about deaf and blind children—her own somewhat defective sight and hearing giving her sympathy for the theme. She says:

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"Cary was then superintendent of the West Virginia State School for the Deaf and Blind and I was able to study these appealing, handicapped children at close range. It opened a new world to me, and I tried to open it, in turn, to the reader." The stories were republished under the title "Closed Doors", and were welcomed by teachers for the deaf and blind all over the country.

Miss Montague is not a rapid writer. Many of her plots have been forming in her brain for years. But "Uncle Sam" was an exception:

"All winter I had been viewing with deep concern the melting away of the country's high ideals in party squabbling, and turning over mentally the private individual's responsibility for the situation, together with the idea of an atonement of some kind, when, quite suddenly, this old 'Uncle Sam' came marching up out of the depths of my mind, and apparently, having the same idea of atonement that I had, presented himself for the sacrifice, and I accepted his offer."

BERNIE BABCOCK

By Emma S. Forster

IN the tremendous output of Lincolniana that has been given to literature, it seems strange that no adequate story has been presented of one of the greatest loves in history."

Thus, in a word, does Bernie Babcock characterize the inspiration which led her to produce "The Soul of Ann Rutledge". If, in course of time, she should put her own life within the covers of a book, there would be inspiration and encouragement on every page. It is a story of triumph over obstacles apparently insurmountable. She was born of orthodox Huguenot ancestors, protectingly reared, married at eighteen, and a widow with five children—one a baby a year old—at the mature age of twenty-nine. Her life had been one of easy tranquillity until her husband died from the result of an operation. Then, thrown face to face with the world, she found herself with a family of little ones, about $2,000 in cash, and a comfortable modern home in Little Rock, Arkansas. Investing half of her capital in a tiny, incomplete house, into which she removed her household, she used the rental from her former home to support herself and the children.

Then she began to write. During the first year every child succumbed to a different illness. The mother, stricken by an accident, was forced for weeks to direct the care of the afflicted from her throne upon a pillow. When she resumed her household work, doing her own cooking, washing, ironing, and darning, she wrote and wrote. For seven months her output was steadily returned. Then two stories and some verses were accepted in New York ; and the receipt of the check was a wonderful occasion. Encouraged, she plodded on. She combined, she says, one portion of ability with nine portions of perseverance. While sitting up one night with a sick child, the kitchen table the base of her activity, she wrote a temperance story which sold in book form, shortly afterward, a hundred thousand copies in six months.

Thus was the Rubicon passed. A position on the editorial staff of a daily newspaper was accepted, followed by the publication of "The Arkansas Sketch Book", the most daring venture ever attempted in the literary field of her native state. Without a cent of

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capital she made a success where men before her, amply equipped, had failed. Then she published an art magazine, printed in three colors, which flourished for five years, paying the expenses of her home and family and making possible the graduation of two daughters. Amid these day-by-day activities she found time to write "Mammy", a drama which has been read at Chautauqua and used extensively on lyceum circuits. Meantime, too, the story of "The Soul of Ann Rutledge" was forming in her mind.

Twenty years of burden-bearing have laid light hands upon her. She looks the sister of her daughters, rather than the grandmother of three sturdy grandchildren, ranging in age from nine to five. Soft brown hair frames a sweet oval face from which steady grey eyes shine forth, bright with the courage that has shaped her life. As she sits in her cozy library, with the oil portraits of her austere ancestors looking down on the little hands that have steered six lives to a successful conclusion, she embodies the words of Elbert Hubbard—"She is a beautiful woman — a woman who works".

THE METICULOUSNESS OF IMPRESSIONISTIC REALISM

BY THOMAS L. MASSON

WHATEVER be the claims of the pre-Raphaelites, it must be admitted that the Romanticist movement cannot be dismissed without a survey of the expansive forces, particularly with reference to the encyclopædists, and the realism that stresses resultant action which came into being with the renascence. It is indeed true that we must begin to evaluate the supreme classicism of the entire standards; the doctrines of Flaubert may not be dismissed. For example, naturalism has been defined as a state of nature; but if this is purposeless, then we must revert to the Parnassian school, and certainly tradition is not without its great moments in this respect. M. Prudhomme needs also to be considered. His well-known saying "J'avais tu avais il avait" is not without an immense significance, especially at this time, when the pseudo-romantic pessimism of La Fontaine cannot be overlooked. Both Molière and Maupassant seem to be involved here. Maupassant indeed, in his view of external objects, though it may reveal alas! the true banality of the mediocre, yet has a certain bleeding force. The immense precision of the Goncourt brothers, with their lapidary constructive complexes, is revealed by the following well-known conversational gesture:

"J'ai tu as il a, nous avons vous avez ils ont!"

"Allons."

"Chantez-vous?"

"Dis donc!"

"Bonsoir oui très bon combien parlez-vous français. Mon Dieu!"

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"Quelle heure est-il? Allons!"

Be this as it may, we cannot but admit the term *réalisme* is quite untechnical in the sense that scholasticism has come to be emphasized in its post-war reactions; but nevertheless, however much the humanist movement may deal in external traditions, I am not prepared to say that the categorical imperative is not a distinct offshoot of anthropic naturalism. Certainly Zola's "Germinal" has an immense personification which, though undoubtedly nervously impressionistic, reveals the sensuous materialism of transposition affected by Balzac. It is doubtful indeed, if this could be otherwise, the extreme use of *dossiers* notwithstanding. Neither must we forget *la bibeloterie*. From this it will be apparent that the grim meticulousness of the demi-monde is quite inevitable.

Many critics have sought by an over-emphasis of the Gaulois gayety, to develop the "flux" of a post-prandial Hellenism, yet it need scarcely be pointed out that Theocritus and Bion are progenitors of Rousseau and Voltaire only as the Franco-Prussian War overlaps Marathon. And consider Sainte-Beuve and Brunetière; what is more expansive and heterogeneous than the enormously *recherché* frescoes of these intensely acrobatic Iconoclasts? Also, we cannot speak too highly of Brieux. Merely from the mid-Victorian standpoint, nothing can be ignored that would tend to reveal the historical and scholastic unimportance of what we have endeavored to set forth.

Allons!

THE GLAD GAME IN STORIES

BY OLIVE ROBERTS BARTON

HAPPINESS is to the child what sunshine is to the rose—absolutely essential to perfection of development physically, morally, mentally, and temperamentally. Keenly sensitive, he suffers vicariously through his imagination, or is happy, just as his little image children are happy. Children reflect very quickly in their personality the sensations they experience in their story life. Read to them stories of fear, and they will soon turn coward; of suffering, and they will be sad; of happiness, and they will be happy.

Is it hard to choose, then, the keynote to the tunes to be played on these sensitive little harps? Children are naturally joyous and spontaneous and it takes a very light, sympathetic touch to set the strings of their beings to humming tunefully.

The kindergarten with its organized play recognizes this. Froebel, with his love for children, laid the corner-stone of this mammoth structure of child-training years ago, when he gathered his little colony of youngsters about him (and the criticism of civilization) and began his work of reaching their brains through their hearts, and of

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educating them by love instead of fear.

Games for children must be happy, their plays bright; stories must be both, and a great deal more. They must contain that subtle something that will take the child entirely out of himself, that will lead his inborn imagination to the green pastures of wonderland to browse.

These imaginations! These appetites of the brain! Not three times a day but always and always and always, while Jimmy is awake, he must be fed. There is no limit to his capacity, for the mind, unlike the body, increases its room for occupancy with each new tenant. In children this mental appetite is insatiable.

Much has been written about the retentive power of the child mind. We know that the retentive age begins with apperception, when children are old enough to understand; years even before they are old enough to read for themselves. This, also, is the most impressionable age, when little minds wander into fairy realms, when their eyes see magic in everything. The world as it reveals itself to them is wonderful and they discriminate not between the fanciful and the real.

It is of no use to read to a young child a nerve-scraping folk tale of dark forests and wolves and witches, and tell him that it is only a story, anyway, and five hundred years old, and he must not believe it because it is not true. To him all the world's a stage, and witches are as real as people; wolves with "big eyes" as vivid of conception as the family cat; and as for time, "a thousand years is as one minute and one minute as a thousand years". The thing, to him, may have happened yesterday, or today. Moreover any story told to a child is like a film in a cinema, the lens of his mind magnifying it a hundredfold. He sees things in it that you never knew were there. He has a habit of rewrapping a narrative in a fanciful glamour of his own weaving.

Children are pathetically appreciative, and it takes so little to please them. But what do they like in a story? Being omnivorous, they devour anything and everything. It is for us to regulate this mental diet just as we do their food, with our knowledge of proteins and carbohydrates.

But allowing for our part in the rationing, what do children prefer in a story, individually and as a class? For, after all, they have their preferences just as adults have theirs, depending upon environment, age, and natural taste.

Summing up various tastes, and making allowances for age and surroundings, we come in a general way to one word—*adventure*. Whether it be into fairyland (for undoubtedly children in the super-imaginative age prefer fairy tales), a summer vacation, off with a circus, or a trip to the Pole, adventure is the one satisfying word to the child's craving for stories. Its own definition explains it. "That which happens without design; chance; hazard; perilous chance; a remarkable occurrence; a striking event; a speculative enterprise." What a large word it is. Add the word *mysterious*, and you have the combination that is persistently driving parents and pedagogues to despair.

Children turn to tales of adventure as surely as tree roots hunt a spring. Even the nature stories now so popular with tiny people are stories of adventure, all of them. The daily escapes of the little mouse, the rabbit, and all the others delight their very souls. Thus happy adventure is the keynote and the theme to the successful child's story.

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But there is another thing to be counted upon. Children are the keenest of humorists. We are wont to speak of a sense of humor as we would a good nose, or the "silver spoon"; something a few fortunates are born with, but most of us without; a rosy-goggled affair which sheds a glow over the universe and trouble, a fetish to ward off knockouts, a guide to ferret out soft spots.

"Poor thing!" we say with a wise wag of our heads as the buffeted one goes down unresistingly under a blow. "If only he had a sense of humor!" But a few initiated, past masters of human nature, and also in the science of the brain, put it this way: "If only his sense of humor had been saved *for* him!" They know that there isn't a baby born into the world without it; whether his cradle be rocked in castle or cot, his parents as black as a chessman or yellow as Africa's sands, and whether his forefathers jousted in knightly tournaments or tended swine in the pig yard. Children have a sense of humor just as surely as they have imagination, and they have imagination as certainly as they have brains.

The pity is, that they are so often cheated out of their birthright when they are too young to be articulate. It is done ignorantly, ruthlessly, by their elders, who have not yet learned that the keynote of happiness is as necessary in the play-life and story-life of these mites, as is their physical well-being.

Nothing is killed more quickly in children than this heaven-sent gift of a sense of humor. Yet it takes so little to nourish it—a persistent grower under favorable conditions. Let the educators and the dieticians and the physical directors help the child; but no matter how much "izing" he gets, let it be hyphenated with happiness, if his sense of humor is to be preserved. It has as many varieties as pickles, and being so general of application is certain to be one of the things most needed in later life. What are all the new cults and "isms" we are going in for, if not a struggle to regain our long-lost point of view? The child has it to begin with and he is entitled to keep it.

Adults are divided first of all in this regard, into two classes, the Carrollites and—the others! The Carrollites quote "The Walrus" lovingly and advise each other solemnly to "beware the Jabberwock". The "others" are those—but why waste space? They were ruined young. Before the age of ten all the world loves "Alice".

Why and when does the break come, when children swing their allegiance from wonderland to the workaday world? It will never come if those dear souls who supervise work and play are wise. On the other hand, it will come very early, if the attention is turned persistently away from the whimsical, fanciful stories of early childhood, which strike such an answering chord of sympathy in the childish breast.

Only a few months ago a certain governor decreed a "Smiling Week"!

"What's the great idea?" asked everybody.

"To help your digestion!" answered the doctor. "To improve your business," answered the financial expert. "To save your soul," expounded the clergyman. "To live," answered the understanding one with a smile, marking his book at Alice's "Tea Party".

A sense of humor means more than an appreciation of comedy. It has depth. Rightly it is a deep sympathy which has kindly appreciation of everything. Only those without it characterize tales of inanimate objects

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as "silly". "The Tin Soldier", "The Darning Needle", and "The Money Pig" claim our interest and love, and we sigh over the deluded little "Fir Tree". It seems a far cry from a sense of humor to Andersen's plaintive Scandinavian tales, but without it we cannot fully appreciate the hardest of all tales to relate, stories of the inanimate.

Speaking of the folk lore, legends, and fairy tales of Scandinavia, and mythology both Teutonic and Scandinavian, the minor strain and often the heavy chords of terror that run through them are not good for children, unless served very wisely and in small doses. Grimm's "Tales", almost the first handed to juveniles in years gone by, are nicely calculated to ruin all their finer sensibilities. Adventurous and mysterious they may be, but the keynote is invariably terror, revenge, malevolent trickery, and crime. The spontaneous joy in a little child dies a natural death if he reads of constant horrors, witches fattening on children, and malicious dwarfs holding babies for ransom. Witches and dwarfs there may be, all you like. They are quite too thrilling and entertaining to be left out of fiction, and besides they have an ethical value in personifying wrong; but very young children do not need them at all, and older children may make their acquaintance through less nerve-shocking mediums than a "horrible" story.

Even in Andersen's "Tales", sweet and adorable as many of them are, there is still largely in evidence this cadence of wickedness, "The Rose-Elf", for instance. Even "The Snow Queen", a beautiful classic, is an obscure allegory clothed chiefly in pain. Kingsley's "The Water Babies" is another example. Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird", wonderful to the mature mind, is not a wholesome diet for children. The strain is altogether in a minor key, and it is weird almost to uncanniness. Playing upon tender, susceptible nerves, especially in a child with a tendency to melancholy or with a keenly sensitive temperament, it will likely produce disastrous effects. A morbid child is generally the result of frequent association with the unnatural.

Boys do not care particularly for stories of girls, and dolls, and cats. Not, mind you, because of the superior male mind, but because the combination does not produce a thrill. But here is a secret: girls do not like them either, and modern writers have discovered it. Unless the story is dressed up sufficiently with mysterious glamour, you'll find Mary reading John's series on "The Adventures of Ted Trotter". On the other hand John will peruse Mary's library perfectly unashamed, if Mary's heroine does real "stunts" that a boy may admire.

Take at random any of the stories for very young children written within the last ten years, and you will see the general revolution that has occurred. Their keynote invariably is happiness! Writers have at last discovered that intangible "something" that appeals to youngsters—a wholesome happiness that rings true.

To talk to a child, to write for a child, one must be a child, must think with the mind and heart of a child. How else could Barrie conceive "Peter Pan" and adorable "Tinker Bell"? Could a mind filled with aphorisms write of Wendy helping the little boy in the tree-tops with his spring-cleaning? Or how could he picture the delicious scene in "A Kiss for Cinderella", where the gorgeous king and queen rock calmly on their throne in comfortable rocking-chairs? What else, except a child mind, could liken

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the penguin's shirt-front to a bishop? What greater compliment could the world pay to Barrie than to credit him with a book actually written by a nine-year-old child? Kipling's "Just So Stories", Roosevelt's "Letters to His Children", and Riley's "Raggedy Man"—what wonderful gay humor envelops all of these! It is all-pervading and contagious and finds an answering beat in every little heart.

I have "Cinderella" in three editions. In one, the two sisters are led to the forest as a punishment where "no doubt the wild beasts devoured them". In the second, "the two wicked step-sisters flew into such a rage over their sister's happiness, that blindness overcame them". In the last, "the sisters also were invited to the wedding-feast, but the fairy god-mother was given the place of honor". The evolution speaks for itself. No vindictive revenge or undue punishment meted out to the sisters in the last story, for their selfishness. Only a sweet forgiveness!

Here are two versions of "Hansel and Gretel". One: "...and the little girl, watching her chance, pushed the wicked witch into the very oven she was heating for her prisoner, and slamming the door shut, rushed to free poor Hansel who had given himself up for dead". The other: " 'I shall soon overtake them,' cried the witch, putting on her magic boots. But Gretel waved her wand and water gushed out of the ground and spread into a lake; the children were turned into beautiful swans and soon were swimming about in the water. As for the old witch, she was nowhere to be seen. Nobody knows what became of her." A fitting climax with never a jolt to tight little nerves.

True, we cannot change Jack the Giant Killer, but after all, by omitting gory details and having the end come so quickly (particularly as Jack was such a *little* boy and the giant so *very* big) I think it is allowable.

To me as a child the most harrowing of all folk tales was "Little Red Riding Hood"—and is yet. They cannot modernize that story, not even by scaring Grandma into a cupboard, and reproving the wolf for the error of his ways with an ax handle. The terror of it is the exaggerated detail of "the big ears" and "the big eyes" and "the big mouth"! The deliberate torture of it! Why make a child afraid of a wolf? Why make him afraid of anything? There is no fear in a child's heart until it is put there.

The modern "happy stories" insisted upon now by supervisors of child training and sought for so industriously by publishers, are going to do away with bolshevism more surely than any seventy-five mile guns now in the oil bath. For upon our children depend the future governments of the world!

Children are being taught a philosophy of human kindness with their first stories that will stay with them to the grave. Moreover, there is being preserved for them that subtle something, that deep quality of sympathy and understanding which we call, for want of a better name, a sense of humor.

Pollyanna had a new name for it. She called it the "glad game".

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THE BOOKLOVERS OF TOMORROW

It is not only the booklovers of today to whom we must give thought. What of the booklovers of tomorrow?

Practical education, so-called, must not be allowed to displace the ideals which literature inspires. The soul is as important as the body. The motion-picture is an established institution, but careless contemplation of the screen must not supplant the thoughtful reading of a book.

These are vital matters if we are to avoid national deterioration.

The work of creating intelligent book-readers must be sympathetic and universal, not spasmodic or detached. Prominent educators welcome the cooperation of THE BOOKMAN *in a constructive effort to foster genuine appreciation of literature in the minds of the rising generation.*

TEACHING LITERATURE

By Philander P. Claxton
United States Commissioner of Education

I AM in full sympathy with the effort of THE BOOKMAN to develop among boys and girls the habit of reading good literature. I do not believe that the moving-picture or anything else can take the place of it. The moving-picture can present to the eye only such things as may be seen without its help. The purpose of literature, however, is not so much to present facts as it is to interpret life. The moving-pictures themselves need interpretation of the kind that can be given only through words. Most of the attempts to present literature through the film have not been successful. Moving-pictures, like still pictures, are necessarily particular and concrete. The spoken word moves from the particular and concrete to the general and abstract. I think it might well be claimed that the coming of the moving-picture makes the teaching of good literature still more important. Good teachers of literature, of course, will depend largely on the moving-picture for assistance, as they have always depended on other forms of visual illustration.

If the coming of the moving-picture and its various uses in education have tended to lessen the efforts of schools, libraries, and other agencies to promote the study of literature, I do not know it. If anywhere the tendency has been in this direction it is greatly to be deplored. On the other hand, schools and other similar agencies should be stimulated by the moving-picture and should find it helpful in the promotion of the study of literature.

From the beginning of the establishment of schools in this country, reading has occupied a more or less important place in the daily programs of schools of all grades, particularly of the elementary and grammar grades. In fact, the general use of literature of the best kind, selected rather than

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made for the schools, has resulted in a new type of standard grade readers. Nearly all of these include large amounts of the very best literature of the world, either in its original form or retold. The reading of the high schools has been modified and directed very largely by the so-called college requirements in English. The first efforts in this direction were, I believe, not very wise. The requirements were made up of large extracts from the type of literature which college professors considered of most value for freshmen and sophomores, as for instance, the two books from Milton's "Paradise Lost", the Sir Roger de Coverley Papers, etc. Most of them did not appeal either in substance or in form, to the interests of boys and girls of high school age and advancement. The fact that the whole poem or story was not included also detracted from their value. A piece of good literature is a work of art, and has its beginning, its middle, and its end; its foreground, its background, and its atmosphere; and deserves to be treated as a whole and not in broken fragments. It is only as a whole that it lives. The life blood does not circulate well through the broken parts. Recent efforts in revising these requirements have recognized these principles and are far more successful than the earlier ones.

I think it is also true that the methods of teaching literature have greatly improved within the last decade or two. At first there was a strong tendency toward pedantry, to overanalysis, to the use of notes, to the habit of pressing one's nose against the window panes of the author, prying into matters that have little or no bearing on the literature itself. The teaching was about rather than of literature. Teachers disregarded the spirit of Bacon's saying about the need for a book to be called "The First Runnings of the Scriptures". When gently pressed, grapes yield a delicious fluid, but when pulp and seeds are ground between the teeth they yield an acrid, bitter juice. The same is true with literature. All literature deserves to be read first for pleasure and its first-hand teachings, as the great authors have intended their works should be read. Again, teachers seem to fear that children cannot understand great literature, but can only understand the descriptions, interpretations, and notes of the scholars. They seem to have forgotten that great literature is great because it takes hold on the things that are eternal, upon the experiences common to all—life and death, joy and sorrow, hope and despair, love and hatred—and that literature is great and lives because of the fact that it treats these things of life in words and phrases that can be understood by all, illustrated from the common things of nature and of universal experience. Children and teachers have given to introductions, interpretations, explanations, annotations, the time which might much better have been given to real literature. They might well have learned a lesson from the man who says he likes to read the Bible occasionally because it throws such light on the commentators. It is, of course, true that all the best literature is simple in form, the language serving its legitimate function of clear, forceful, and beautiful expression of thought and feeling rather than obtruding itself on the attention of the reader. Because of the misunderstanding of the purpose and of the methods of teaching literature in the schools, much time was given to examinations, and these examinations usually had refer-

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ence to the accidental rather than to the essential.

I believe the practices in these respects have improved much in recent years. Teachers understand better the purposes of literature. They are freer from the fear of examinations either in their own schools or in the higher schools for which they are preparing boys and girls. It is only in this way that the best results can be had in forming tastes and habits for good reading which will be of most use to boys and girls when they have left school.

Public libraries have, either through direct cooperation with the schools or through their own efforts and methods, done much in recent years for the promotion of good reading among boys and girls. Many of them, probably most, now have children's rooms which are well supplied with the best books for children. Many of these books are well and beautifully illustrated. Lists of books for children of different ages and tastes have been carefully compiled. Books of this kind are bought in sets so that many children may read the same book at the same time. Story hours have been arranged and expert story-tellers have introduced children to good literature in the way that the race was introduced to it—through the spoken word. It is true, of course, that all good stories of the world have grown up in this way and were handed down from generation to generation long before they were put into book form. Children hear these stories much more effectively than they read them. This form of presentation of literature is also much used in the schools. The National Story-Tellers' League has been very effective in promoting this method of teaching, and it has been extended to circles of older boys and girls and groups of men and women. Circulating libraries and public school libraries have brought to children in the villages and open country many good books other than those required to be read in the schools.

Reading circles and courses of reading have been arranged by many agencies. The Bureau of Education has for several years been preparing and publishing courses of reading for boys and girls and for men and women. These courses have been made with the help of some of the ablest men and women of the country, and have made a wide appeal. Many thousands of men and women in all parts of the country are reading for the certificate that is given for those who satisfactorily finish the courses. The reading of many hundreds of thousands has been affected more or less by them. Public libraries have posted them on their bulletin boards. Circulating libraries have bought and circulated the books in such way as to promote the use of these courses in villages and rural communities. High schools have used them in guiding the reading of their pupils.

What has been done is very encouraging, but it is only a beginning. Much remains to be done. All thoughtful educators will agree that nothing more important or helpful can be done for boys and girls in school and out than to assist them in forming good reading habits and such a taste for good literature as will enable them to direct their reading wisely. Most of the text-books used in school are discarded and largely forgotten when boys and girls leave school and begin the work of life. The subject-matter of the lessons is also largely forgotten. Teachers are of two kinds, first-hand teachers and second-hand teachers.

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We who teach in the schools belong mostly to the second class. We have little of our own to teach the children. We use our efforts to compel the children to go to school to the makers of the text-books, who themselves are largely second-hand teachers. First-hand teachers are those who have something of their own to teach to their fellows—men and women who have stood on the mountain tops and caught the glow of the ever-dawning new day; those who are a little more finely organized than the rest of us and have felt the heart-throb and the pulse-beat of humanity as we cannot; those who have listened to the still small voices and have interpreted for us the eternal verities; those who have pushed back the walls of darkness, who have wrought in the quarries of the unknown and given definite form to that which was without form. If the teachers of the schools fail to introduce their pupils to these first-hand teachers, the teachers of the race, then they fail in their highest opportunity and duty.

If boys and girls leaving school at fifteen years old, having formed the habit of reading and knowing how to select their books, read four good books a year for the next twenty-five years, they will at the age of forty have read a hundred good books. Men and women who have read carefully and well one hundred of the best books of the world are not uneducated. They know most of the best that has been done and said, and will be responsive to and appreciative of the best in thought and action. A community of such men and women may be appealed to for any good cause with the expectation that they will respond intelligently, enthusiastically, and with good judgment.

SCHOOL LIBRARIES

By Sherman Williams

Chief of School Libraries Division, State Department of Education, New York

THE training we give our children will determine whether or not we are to become a nation that loves good literature.

We are trying to use our school libraries so as to develop a love for reading good books, and I think with an increasing degree of success. Of course, very much is still to be accomplished. This is a work that ought never to cease to grow at our hands.

There is undoubted foundation for the belief that moving-pictures tend to supplant the book. One who reads a book must of necessity do some thinking. Seeing moving-pictures does not have this effect. The pictures, with the brief descriptive text, very largely do away with thinking. The attendants at the moving-pictures seem to absorb as a sponge does water and with as little lasting effect as water has on a sponge. When the movies are used to tell the story given by a good book, the result is more likely to prevent the reading of the book than to lead to its reading.

I have no doubt that the right use of the right kind of moving-pictures may be of considerable educational value. That will be when, through the use of the moving-pictures, one may see that which he would not otherwise be able to see. While I cannot see how the moving-picture movement will correct itself, I have no doubt that it will do so in time. Most evils have a tendency to correct themselves if given time enough.

Every school district in New York State that is maintaining a school has a library. Through the use of school libraries the aim is to train the chil-

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dren to love to read through giving them books that they can read with pleasure—first "Mother Goose", then such "children's classics" as "Red Riding Hood", "Cinderella", and other age old books. These are followed by fairy tales, folk lore, myths, and similar works. Then they begin to read good books of travel and adventure in connection with their study of geography; biographies and historical stories and popular, but trustworthy, histories in connection with their study of history; and in like manner supplementary reading in connection with all studies that may rightly be treated that way.

As early as practicable the children are led to read books that might be called inspirational books (this term being used very broadly), to arouse in them a desire to be of use in the world and to make the best of themselves. All the time they are to read such general literature as is worth while and is within their mental grasp.

Reading certificates are issued by the district superintendents to those pupils who read in any one year ten or more books not more than one-half of which are fiction, and Testimonials of Reading are awarded to those pupils who have read at least fifty books before reaching the high school, these to be chosen from a list of 250 selected volumes (not fewer than three from each of the ten groups into which the list of 250 has been divided). This insures a variety of reading, and prepares the children to select such kinds of literature as they may prefer after leaving school. The State pays one-half the cost of approved books that districts purchase for their school libraries up to a certain amount; but we are not able to aid the districts to the amount we would like to do, because for recent years the legislature has not made as liberal appropriations for this purpose as formerly.

It is worth while to add that one division gives it entire time to the oversight and direction of school libraries, and that one highly trained and practical librarian gives her time to the inspection of high school libraries and advises with the school librarian and principal regarding the use of the libraries. Also, that the State has recently begun the certification of competent school librarians. In the last year 104 such certificates have been issued. It is hoped that in the near future all large high schools will have trained librarians, and that our normal schools and other schools for the training of teachers will give this matter of fitting the teachers to train children to love good books more attention than they are now doing.

DR. FINLEY'S ENDORSEMENT

By John H. Finley

President of the University of the State of New York and State Commissioner of Education

The letter of Dr. Sherman Williams, the Chief of the School Libraries Division of the State Education Department (and the most competent authority in this field in the United States, so far as I know), is so much better than anything I can write on the subject, that I play the part of the moon and reflect what is as clear as daylight in his letter; that is, the value of school libraries in developing a love for good books.

A few months ago, in making a visit to the schools along the foothills of the Adirondacks, I came upon a little schoolhouse in a clearing in the forest, hardly large enough to hold the thirteen pupils and the teacher. But in

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that school there were three pupils—two boys and a girl—who had already read fifty approved books, and it was my great pleasure to give to each, through the district superintendent who accompanied me, a State Testimonial of Reading.

A PRACTICAL PLAN IN OPERATION

By Joseph L. Wheeler

Librarian, Youngstown, Ohio, Public Library

WHILE it is universally agreed that books for children are fundamental either to inspire and inform them, or to give them training in the mechanics of reading, and while it is true that some libraries and school courses provide a bounteous and carefully planned supply of good books, it still remains the fact that many public libraries have largely overlooked the opportunity of cooperating with schools to this end, and a large percentage of teachers also overlook their own personal opportunity to get more good books read by the pupils.

A little book on "The Influence of Books on the Lives of Great Men" would surely be a most stimulating volume. Some method that can be carried out jointly by libraries and schools to bring about a certain minimum amount of cultural and inspirational reading by every school pupil, seems desirable as the next development in this field. Recent surveys of public school reading in several American cities have uniformly pointed out the necessity for a larger amount of "outside" reading, whereby the pupil may practise the mechanics which he learns in the reading class. Tests for the ability to comprehend show a marked difference between those boys and girls who are heavy readers and love to read, in comparison with those who care little for books.

The various state pupils' reading courses and the number of like projects of home reading with school credit, are an interesting indication that both school and library workers feel that the need has hardly been met. The idea of home reading with school credit assumes that every pupil will do a minimum amount of reading outside the school time. If this can be accomplished without taking away the spontaneity, it appears that a highly desired goal has been reached.

In my own city, where cooperation between schools and the library has been long-standing and cordial, and based on an understanding of each other's motives and methods, such a project of home reading has been worked out on a large scale and with seeming success, and in addition to the usual "supplementary reading" which has been handled for many years. Every schoolroom from grade three to eight has a selection of forty books (about one per pupil). These books—about 14,000 in number—and their repair, rebinding, and replacement, are paid for by the School Board. But the selection, recording, shipping, and all handling is done under the supervision of the Public Library, which devotes considerable time to the work and takes credit for the circulation. Each pupil must take home at least eight books during the school year, and make a brief report on them to the teacher, a slip record of this report being kept by her. In case a pupil does not read at least one book each month, a deduction of 2½ per cent is made from his reading class grade for the month. This outside reading is fully understood by the teachers to be a part of the school course. No pupil is allowed

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to read more than twenty-five books, or one per week. To those who at the end of the year have read ten or more books, the schools and the library jointly present an attractive certificate.

The selection and grading of the books has been given special care. Similar lists from other cities have been gleaned and a year's local experience was brought out in a series of teachers' conferences from which this year's revised lists have resulted. Much of the success of this particular plan has come through the use of a series of 300-word descriptive notes, outlining and characterizing each of the 240 books that have been adopted. These were prepared by the library and placed in the hands of each teacher. They not only lighten her burden in hearing reports on the books with which she may not be familiar, but have had a more important result. In nearly every case teachers have used them as the basis for classroom talks, thereby interesting the pupils in books they might otherwise overlook, and arousing an intensive interest in each book. This has meant concentration and more careful reading with a resulting high degree of comprehension.

In any plan of compulsory reading, librarians are fearful that this compulsory feature will overcome any good which may otherwise result. But by providing a sufficient variety of books, none of which are of the "informational type", by requiring the reading of only a small number, by various attractive features, including the teacher's enthusiasm, this danger seems to have been entirely avoided. Surely to know that every pupil has read at least a few of the very choicest children's books, and has read them intensively, and still has read them with a feeling of enjoyment rather than of compulsion, is worth while.

READING SHOULD BE ENCOURAGED

By Payson Smith

State Commissioner of Education, Massachusetts

I am heartily in agreement with the position taken by THE BOOKMAN with reference to the desirability of increasing the effort to develop in the youth a love of literature and the ability to appreciate good reading.

It is my opinion that, beginning with the middle grades, very much more attention should be paid to silent reading with particular emphasis upon the means by which appeal can be made to individual taste. The cooperation between the public school and the public library should be greatly strengthened. Much can be done on the part of the school to assist children in their selection of books for home reading and in the cultivation of taste for good reading. School libraries should become much more general and should be made more efficient.

My belief is that there is not so much a need of formal instruction in literature as there is a need for encouraging the youth to wider reading of books selected from the starting point of his own taste.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—THE BOOKMAN has received other communications which can only be briefly summarized. Dr. Samuel A. Baker, State Superintendent of Public Schools in Missouri, states that "we have encouraged book reading in the schools by requiring a certain amount and certain kinds of books to be purchased before the schools can receive classification". In Georgia, State Superintendent M. L. Brittain has prepared and issued "The Blue Book of Stories", designed to develop an appreciation of good literature; and Thomas E. Johnson, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Michigan, after remarking that Michigan is strictly an individualistic state, and that the schools, particularly the high schools, are inclined to use their own initiative, adds: "I feel very confident that the graduates of our high schools are coming out of the institutions with a greater love of literature and a greater knowledge of the subject than ever before."

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THE MYSTERY OF PERSONALITY

BY RICHARD BURTON

THE late W. D. Howells, when he named his book, "My Mark Twain", had no intention of asserting proprietary rights in the great humorist by the title,—close, dear, and long-time friend though he was. A deep, psychologic truth underlay his choice; the feeling that one's angle of approach to anybody, and one's consequent vision of a personality, was all one's own. We see and get a human being as that being is related to us; and in that way, and for that reason, each of us can contribute something especial and distinctive to the synthesis of estimate.

But how can any single student give the rounded picture? It is rather an appalling thought, when you dwell upon it. Can we know anything trustworthy about a man who has been dead only ten years,—which is the case with Mark Twain? Really and truly estimate him, I mean? Are we not still too near him to see him as he was? Must there not be a longer perspective of time to disclose the clear outline, and fill in proportionately the details that merge to make that mysterious entity, a personality? And back of that is the wider, and more profound, question: can we really know anybody, ever, beginning with ourselves? The Freudians are showing us today that we have regarded the problem as altogether too simple. "'Know thyself", said the Greeks, and our recognition of the immense difficulty of the quest gives their categorical imperative a new satiric flavor. That wise sceptic spirit, Montaigne, took for his personal motto, *que sçais-je?*, seemingly with a sense of the insolubility of the who, as well as the why, and the whither.

During Mark Twain's life, and up to his death, the popular notion of him was that of the genial humorist, the satirist whose kindly nature took the sting out of his attacks upon the folly and foolishness of mankind. Now, when he has been dead but a decade, the reconstruction of the contemporary valuation has begun, and Mr. Brooks's book "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" is a striking illustration of the statement. Doubtless, it is but a pioneer, a picket ahead of the army of criticism which will in years to come seek to batter down easy-going preconceptions, in order that the truth may be told. For this is an age of the Nietzschean transvaluation of all values, personal and other. Nobody is safe—unless it be Lincoln.

In striving to do justice to Mr. Brooks's argument, I must be forgiven if, after the manner of Howells, I approach the subject with the disadvantage of a too close seeing. As the neighbor of Mr. Clemens in Hartford in the old days, I could not help having "my Mark Twain", as Howells had his; that is to say, I saw him as he was revealed to me as fellow citizen, and

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friend and adviser in matters literary. Naturally, he is not therefore the same man seen by Mr. Brooks. In a deep sense, a man's work is the man unquestionably, and the view of him gained therefrom is in many ways trustworthy; yet, personal contact is always a qualifier and a revealer.

Briefly stated, Mr. Brooks's thesis is, that the genius of the man, the most precious and spontaneous thing in him, was checked, deflected, and subdued by the influence of two women: his mother and his wife. The savage satirist that was his essential self, with the Rabelaisian expression of it in the creative speech which was his birthright, was meekened into the successful money-maker and sleek family man and social figure: that is the argument, simply stated. Having set up this theory, everything in the humorist's career is made to contribute to it in the most plausible, ingenious, and stimulating way; the book is so able and interesting that to read it is a delight. It might be described as the first piece of important constructive criticism we have had on the subject; and this can be said with no disrespect to Mr. Paine's invaluable biography, the aim of which is other. Yet, for me, as I strive to realize Mark Twain, remembering the man and reading the author to find the man, the result is not satisfactory, nor do I think Mr. Brooks has penetrated to the heart of the secret. He has succumbed to the danger which always confronts the thesis-maker who has to subdue data so that they may buttress his belief. There is truth enough in the presentation to make it appealing, but the conclusion is unsound.

In the first place, the idea that the young Clemens was so influenced at the time of his father's death as to make a promise to his mother to conform, morally and socially, to her standards, in such wise as to keep him in after years from the natural utterance of what was in him, is so overstressed as to be well-nigh absurd. Nor do I think the facts bear it out. In his far-west newspaper and mining days Mark Twain was living out his young Odyssey of adventure, finding himself as man and writer, not sure (as so often happens in biographical history) of his future career, uncertain as to his true metier. That he cared for work in relation to emoluments, is only to say he was human. Stevenson declared that he worked for a most excellent God, money. But I venture to say that anybody who knew this man personally would never accept the theory that, had he "struck it rich" in the gold days, he might have remained a successful business man; that he hardly dared be literary, and that the mere accident of the popularity of "The Jumping Frog" story pushed him into letters.

Neither can one accept the idea that the garb of humor was donned because the public seemed to demand it. Mark Twain was a great humorist for the very reason that he was something more: a satirist and a moralist. But the satire would not have been so keen, and so carrying, and the moral not so potent, had not the manner and method of the humorist been adopted, for these were germane to the man's genius. That his nature was essentially a serious and sombre one, is perfectly true; and to read his writings at large with an open eye and a sympathetic understanding, is to realize it. Mark Twain wished to be taken seriously in his teaching, and suffered pain because he was not always so taken. But that he consciously used the cap and bells as an enforced mask of his true meaning, is certainly an erratic judgment. To

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speak of him as a pessimist, is in a sense true, yet very misleading. It does not sufficiently allow for the temperamental, the moodful, in a creative artist like Mark Twain. As a satirist, he was often savage in his view of mankind; but like Swift, he loved Tom, Dick, and Harry, if he hated the race; no man was a greater hero-worshiper, and he was extravagant and uncritical in his opinion of the worth of his fellows. But like a genuine moralist, he despised sham, pose, pretense, folly, and evil, and delivered sledge-hammer blows against these things, and against those representing them; he abhorred the sin rather than the sinner.

As for the idea that Mrs. Clemens, with her small-town social and religious ideals, cramped the full expression of her husband's powers, it is, however plausible, not convincing. For one thing, it overlooks her unquestionable—and those who saw it knew how devoted—service to him in the way of restraint from what would certainly have injured his reputation and in no way helped the revelation of his genius. Furthermore, the proof of the pudding is in the eating: to the present critic, the writings of Mark Twain amply prove his inability to be muzzled by his family; the unconventional speech, the savage satire, the occasional pessimism are there, plain to be seen for all to read. Which leads me to say that Mr. Brooks's estimate of his author's best work is, to put it mildly, erratic. "Huckleberry Finn", "Tom Sawyer", "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg"—these, a few chapters of "Life on the Mississippi", and one or two of the slighter sketches he enumerates, and deems the rest negligible! One fairly gasps at such a judgment. "Joan of Arc" is "a literary chromo". I should think Andrew Lang would turn in his grave! And "Innocents Abroad", "Roughing It", "The Prince and the Pauper", "Pudd'nhead Wilson", and that classic story, "The Jumping Frog",—suchlike contributions are set aside! Verily, *de gustibus* here covers a multitude of omissions!

The notion that Mark Twain's deterministic insistence on the lack of free-will in man is a reflex of his consciousness that he himself was kept from its exercise, is, as the newspapers say, interesting, if true. Most of us are likely to regard it as a non-sequitur. In a recurrent mood, doubtless, Mr. Clemens felt the irony of our limitations, the failure of us all to get away from the bonds of heredity and environment, the foolishness of the assumption that we are the sole architects of our own fortunes. It was a position natural to the satirist, and part of his function to remind us of it. But that it meant a special recognition of his own paralysis of will is flatly contradicted by Mr. Brooks himself in his reiterated statement that the humorist had a marked sense of his own worth, or at least uneasily asserted it to keep his courage up. As a matter of personal testimony, I never encountered one with a saner, juster perception of his own powers; it was not paraded unpleasantly, but quietly was always there. The critic misses the obvious explanation of Mark Twain's dark utterances about himself or the race: it came from that instinct of honesty which a great satirist must have, as Swift had it, or Rabelais,—the motor power of his activity. My comment on a passage like this: "Byron despised the race, because he despised himself. I feel as Byron did, and for the same reason", is double. First, the words stand for a mood, not a settled attitude; second, they originate in a desire to tell the truth which most

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honest folk feel but do not utter. That it proves anything specific in respect of the Clemens biography, is an unwarranted deduction. Mark Twain did not suffer from an "inferiority complex", as the Freudians would say; but neither was he a victim of megalomania. Although he avoids the terminology, our critic is plainly a follower of Freud in his psychoanalysis.

The very introduction of Mrs. Clemens into the discussion at a time when so many are still alive who were in personal contact with the dramatis personæ, brings up the grave question of taste. I am reminded of Lowell's remark, deprecating our modern tendency to flatten our noses against the window panes of the living, and rifle the tombs of the dead, in the eagerness for illuminating *ana*. But current criticism is nothing if not "scientific", —at the expense of the amenities! It is sufficient to point out, as most emphatically I do here, that nobody who was an eye-witness will ever accept the picture of Mark Twain as a shaggy lion whose claws were clipped by women folk until he could be admitted into really civilized drawing-rooms. The fact is, that in our present-day worship of "strength", we confuse it with the coarse, the rank, and that violence which rightly seen is really a form of weakness.

Mr. Brooks develops the idea that Mr. Clemens, whom he sees abroad hobnobbing with kings and potentates, did not dare express the truth about them in public, although in private correspondence he shows himself as a red republican, in sympathy with the people. He quotes the humorist as saying that when it costs something, he is not honest, illustrating the point by the suppression of his book, "What Is Man?" But this is only one example of Mark Twain's impulse to be open, an impulse checked by him and the human race in general. I should say that he blurted out inconvenient facts much more frequently than most of us, and Mr. Twichell (misspelled with a *t* by Mr. Brooks) was well aware of it. Often, this great writer came forth in print with unpleasant frankness that took courage: witness his blast against Leopold of Belgium, or his remarks about the Boer War. When Mr. Brooks says, "Tell the truth, in short, he could not; his life had given him so little truth to tell", he is talking, to put it bluntly, sheer nonsense. The outspoken deliverance of his views, however unpopular, was a chief characteristic of the man, and made him the reformer he was.

The necessity to prove his position leads the critic into frequent inconsistencies. In one place, he argues that Mark Twain cared not at all for literature as an art, having become under coercion a man of society and a maker of money; in another, we learn that his heart had always been, not in non-artistic interests, but in literature! Again, Mr. Brooks dwells at length upon self-interest as a main motive in his career, to state later that "it was affection rather than material self-interest that was leading Mark Twain onward and upward. It had always been affection!" And one is fairly dazed to come on this: "It has become the custom with a certain school of critics to assert that Mark Twain's spiritual rights were in some way infringed by his associates and especially by his wife, the evident fact being that he craved authority with all the self-protective instinct of the child who has not learned to go his own way"! This is certainly cool, coming from one who has in this book exhibited himself as one of that very school, and strenuously argued in favor of their thesis.

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All the emphasis upon the dual nature of the humorist loses its point because it is true of him only as it is true of all of us. To show Mark Twain as special in this, is misleading; the contradictions in his character are those to which *homo sapiens* has always been subject. And the theory built up upon it, that his was a "frustrate" spirit, has behind it the explanation that in a sense we are all frustrate, since we fall short of our ideals, and the fall is greater in proportion as the ideals are higher. What "frustrated" Mark Twain, so far as that is true of him, was not some women holding on to his coat-tails, but the melancholy sadness that came to him in beholding a universe that held beauty, truth, honor, kindness, and love, if only as concepts, and yet also held the tragic antinomies of meanness, cruelty, unfaith, and hatred. Seeing this, he challenged God, —in certain moods. And unable to feel confident hope in the reunion with his beloved beyond the grave, his great, loving heart bled, and he suffered so much as to break out savagely at times in protest against such a world. That is the clue to his so-called pessimism.

I end as I began: personality is a mystery and we are all guessing about each other. Mr. Brooks is guessing in a very interesting way about a great man, Mark Twain; but just because he is a guesser, and lacks the corrective of personal contact, his view is not altogether satisfactory. But let the guessing go on, for even in our impressionistic day, there may be a vision of objective reality,—if it be only a composite of all the guesses, gathered into organic proportion by somebody who has the godlike trick of guessing right!

The Ordeal of Mark Twain. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Co.

KNUT HAMSUN IN LIFE AND LETTERS

BY JULIUS MORITZEN

KNUT HAMSUN joins the ranks of Nobel prizewinners almost unknown to American readers. To be sure, his "Hunger", "Shallow Soil", and "The Growth of the Soil" are available in their English translations, and there is promise that "Pan" will soon appear to afford a fresh opportunity here for judging the literary craftsmanship of this Norwegian writer. But when it is considered that Hamsun's productivity covers a period of thirty-four years; that in that time he has written more than twenty-five novels, plays, and essays; that his European fame was established long before the Nobel prize committee sought him out for the 1920 award, it is rather a wonder that only now the western hemisphere takes any special interest in a personality unique among those that make up the writing world.

It is perhaps a natural thing for the daily press to seize upon such features of a man's rise to fame as produce the strongest contrast between early deprivations and latter-day prosperity. Hence it is not surprising that we are

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now being told how Knut Hamsun toiled and proved a total failure as a conductor on one of the old Chicago horse-cars; how previous to that experience he labored behind the plough in the northwest; how he subsequently went to Newfoundland and became a fisherman,—all this during the early 'eighties after reaching America in search of adventure and good fortune. That he was sorely disappointed here, he set forth later in more than one of his books, but that probably was as much because of the Hamsun temperament as because he failed to embrace his opportunity. At any rate, one of his first literary ventures after his return to Norway, "Intellectual Life in Modern America", is not to be taken too seriously. Rather, impressionistic as it is and reflecting a mood that harbored some real or imaginary grievance, Hamsun himself said in later years that the picture may not be as true as he believed it to be in 1889, when the book was written. However we may disagree with "Intellectual Life in Modern America", yet it contains much of real merit, suggestive to a degree of a mind of great receptivity.

Born in Gudbrandsdalen, the smiling valley of central Norway, taken at the age of four years to the Lofoten islands, Knut, the farmer boy, did not relish the life of the fisher folk of that forbidden part of the country. Making his home with a stern relative, as soon as he had been confirmed he was placed in apprenticeship to a shoemaker. But scribbling, not cobbling shoes, was the early ambition of Knut Hamsun. In secret he wrote verses and a story, and just as secretly saved his money so as to have his literary labors appear in print. He was only seventeen when he blossomed forth with a long poem, and a story, "Björger", that tells about a poor farmer boy left an orphan. Here, perhaps, we have the earliest effort of Knut Hamsun at self-portrayal; for it goes without saying that "Björger" is autobiographical to the core, plus the imaginations that already then revealed the born poet.

Leaving the shoemaker's bench to roam afield, Knut Hamsun became a coal-heaver in Bodö harbor. Self-educated as he was, he next managed to try his hand as a private school teacher. The spirit of adventure seized him further, and in succession he was stone-cutter, lumber-jack, a student in Christiania, without attaining his goal. Then off he went to America, the land of great promise. In addition to his unlucky experience as conductor of a Chicago horse-car, and his previous labors as a ploughboy in North Dakota, he added to his vocations that of lecturer in Minneapolis. Tiring of it all, Hamsun finally reached Newfoundland where, far from civilization, with only a few companions among the native fishermen, he spent three long years in virtual solitude. Carl Morburger, one of the keenest critics of Knut Hamsun's literary activity, gives it as his opinion that it was the desolation of the Newfoundland fishing banks that furnished the Norwegian author with that background for his development as a writer which gave it the stamp of realism, a psychological perception of the rarest kind.

Hamsun is a true son of the Scandinavian north. While many of his writings breathe the atmosphere of the east, and its barbaric splendor of the time gone by, it is ever the Northland to which he returns as his first love. It is not for nothing that the spirit of independence prevails throughout all Norwegian literature. The only aristocracy that the Norseman acknowl-

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edges is the nobility of man himself. To an analyst like Knut Hamsun this freedom from highborn masters is bound to assert itself in whatever he produces. While battling against the elemental obstacles that prevent them from reaching their goal, his heroes fit so fully into their environment that the Hamsun climax seems a matter of providential accuracy. Self-conscious as they are, the men and women that make up Knut Hamsun's gallery of characters are yet possessed of that larger outlook on life without which their existence would be nothing more than a mockery.

It is of course true that Knut Hamsun does not cleave close to the niceties of the conventionalities. Frequently he administers a rude shock to the sensibilities. He lets his characters lead their own lives, merely acting as interpreter and making them appear in a certain order. Nagel, in "Mysteries", Lieutenant Glahn in "Pan", Vendt the Monk, in the play of that name, Kareno, Rosa, Benoni, or whatever they are called, in almost every instance have complete liberty of action, if only they remember that just because they are frequently figments of the imagination they must be the more true to form. To Hamsun fiction is but an instrument for the better delineation of reality as it is. In "Hunger" there is much that some other writer would have left unsaid for fear of being misunderstood. Artist that he is, Knut Hamsun has no such compunctions when he is impelled to paint life in its true colors.

Some critics have placed this Norwegian author among the uncompromising iconoclasts. That is a designation quite unwarranted by his performances, even though he often handles mankind without gloves. His lash descends at times where it leaves ugly scars. Nagel in "Mysteries" is a scoffer who enlists but little sympathy. Critics have believed that they find some kinship between Knut Hamsun and the Russian realists—particularly it is Dostoyevsky that they have in mind.

But Hamsun, after all, believes in the regeneration of mankind. He is not in despair because of the misery that exists, but rather makes events run their race and lets the beauty of old age make up for youth's folly. That he fully considers man as dependent on the years placed to his credit, is as evident as is the fact that in his own case Knut Hamsun at the age of sixty shows no sign of deterioration. To explain this paradox is not an easy matter. Perhaps it is one of his purposes to state what are the inexorable laws of nature and then give his characters an opportunity to rid themselves of their handicaps, with what success or otherwise is best seen as we scrutinize his company of performers.

Viewing Knut Hamsun in retrospect, the desire is strong to divide his literary career into three parts. The first period logically takes in such productions as "Hunger", "Intellectual Life in Modern America", "Mysteries", "Pan", "Victoria", and the three plays, "At the Gate of the Kingdom", "The Play of Life", and "In the Gloaming". It is, perhaps, essential to include also "Vendt the Monk", "Queen Tamara", and "The Wild Choir", the latter a collection of verses that reveal Hamsun as a true poet. This brings us up to 1904. "Under the Harvest Star" (1906) and "A Wanderer Plays on Muted Strings" (1909) are among the principal works of the second period. Then, as if making a complete turn about, Knut Hamsun enters a new domain with such remarkable novels as "Children of the Times", "The Growth

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of the Soil", and "Segelfoss Town". In citing these works no attempt has been made to make the list complete, but "Editor Lynge", "Benoni", and "Rosa" must not be overlooked in even a casual inquiry into Hamsun's literary labors.

Settled down on his estate in Norway, Hamsun has recently produced books reflecting a changed viewpoint from that which impelled him to produce such autobiographical works as "Hunger" and "Mysteries". In "Segelfoss Town", for instance, it is Hamsun the agrarian who supersedes the wanderer, the restless spirit so conspicuous in those other novels in which we find him self-revealed to a most extraordinary degree and in which life in the city, with its attending problems, or a drifting from place to place, show a kaleidoscopic unfolding of impressions that burn themselves into the mind. In the pictures of Norwegian farm life, on the other hand, Hamsun may be said to return to a period antedating by many years his career as a writer. In other words, young though he was when brought from Gudbrandsdalen to Lofoten, the peaceful existence lived by the people in the sunny valley of his birth must even as early as then have found lodgment in a brain that retained every impression and at the proper time (many years later) gave expression to what the boy of four had absorbed.

Knut Hamsun as a sociologist needs some explanation. Always it has been the worker, the suppressed class, the under dog, as it were, that had his sympathy. Snobbery is to him as poison cunningly injected into the body politic. He hates pretensions, and it is this quality that lends such superior strength to his writings. Whether or not he would now write about the acclaimed ones of the earth as he did when his "Mysteries" caused the ultra-conservatives to look upon him in horror, is a mooted question, and can only be answered by what is yet in store. Certainly his treatment of Ibsen, Tolstoy, and others of equal fame was anything but complimentary. Nagel in "Mysteries" cares not whom he hits when on his mental warpath. The profiteers of today, the newly rich, ought to be fit subjects for Hamsun's pen, should he apply the lash once more as in that long ago.

Something has already been said about a suppositional kinship between Hamsun and the Russian realists. It is very doubtful whether such a relationship really exists. True, no foreign writer has been more popular among the Slavs than this Norwegian, and before the great war that gave Russia other things to think about, Hamsun's plays were all the rage in Moscow. But the influence of Dostoyevsky assuredly is a negative proposition, for we have it from Hamsun himself that he knew nothing whatever of the Russian novelist's writings when his own books first came out. As a matter of fact, Dostoyevsky has only been available in Danish and Norwegian for the last twenty-odd years. That he has a certain amount of admiration for this Russian writer is unquestionable; but if we look for some particular model among foreigners, it is Byron on whom Knut Hamsun looks as his literary forebear. Champion of love and liberty, Byron stands revealed in much of what Hamsun has produced about life's great passions.

"Hamsun's art", says Carl Christian Hyllested, "is an effort to portray the soul in its relation to the fixed facts of life and to the mystery of the unknown, the borderland between life and nature, to show its struggles in the inexorable grip of fate and depict

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the disintegrating effect of advancing years. From the same viewpoint he sees the sex problem, and one of his favorite situations is that where a man is drawn with his soul to one woman, by his senses to another."

Truly, Edvarda and Eva in "Pan" show this predominant characteristic of Hamsun's interpretation of life's great enigma in realistic colors. The promised appearance of this work in an English translation should be classed as a noteworthy opportunity for arriving at Knut Hamsun's place in such literature as must be judged through the medium of another language than the original.

MORE OR LESS NOVELS

BY H. W. BOYNTON

THE only one of these six narratives subtitled as "A Novel" is the one that least deserves it. Miss Lowell seems to accept the label in her preface when she rates it as either an autobiographic novel or an "autobiography masquerading as novel". Nothing sacred attaches to the word *novel*, and the easy and comfortable thing for publishers and booksellers and reviewers to do is to let it mean anything it likes. To the truly amiable and "appreciative" a hawk is not only as good as but the same as a handsaw. Or a chopped-up paragraph as a poem.

Still, I must submit that the world may prove a more intelligible place, and certainly the life of the reviewer a sweeter affair, if a word here and there is permitted to mean something. And I freely confess that if the word *novel* doesn't mean more or less than a sketch or a treatise or a series of episodes or what not, it is of no use to me. No narrative without sustained and completed action of some sort, however I may rejoice in it and find relief in it, need apply in this quarter for registration as a novel. Let the severity of this blow to aspiring authors be tempered by immediate praise of "Development", in its true character of biographical or autobiographical fragment. I can think of fifty recent novels that might readily be swapped for it, if need were. It is the study of an emerging personality.

The narrative falls into three parts, or "books" as the current fashion hath it, "Epic Childhood", "Bondage", and "Transition". A queer, lonely, imaginative girl-child, who wishes she were a boy and in default of physical adventure sails the seas of fancy at her own will. Her share in varied family travels nourishes a precocious mental and æsthetic growth. Then comes the bondage of her school experience which yet, as Miss Lowell says, evidently does much for her. It adds an outward world of persons and realities to her inner world of shadows and dreams. A richer human self escapes from the tyranny of school rules and

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enforced contacts into a third phase of "transition" which is to bring her to the verge of maturity. Her classical preoccupation no longer satisfies her; she turns thirstily to the moderns. Like the true modern maiden, she is afraid of nothing. Verhaeren and the minor Elizabethans, "Salâmmbo" and "Mademoiselle de Maupin" are all grist to her mill. But in modern fiction she finds little profit; and turns from the lauded British novel as "only lumps of unwrought material": turns with relief to—"Tom Jones". Her impulse to write grows stronger; she has subtle theories about "visual imagination" and "the colour of words". The book ends with a series of notes on art as this brilliant apprentice sees it lying before her, a wonderful field of adventure. "Adventure", it seems, is to be the title of a further narrative in which we shall see "Nancy" fairly advancing to the test.

Whether novel, fantasy, or propagandic document, "Sweet Rocket" is somewhat monotonously in the vein of all of Miss Johnston's recent books. With the aid of narrative and dialogue she expounds her doctrine of human perfectibility through the growing consciousness of a mystical union with nature and God. One by one the named figures in her pages, Marget, Linden, Curtin, Miss Darcy, and a dozen others, come forward to add their testimony, in language strikingly like Miss Johnston's, to the imminence of the new dispensation. "Sweet Rocket" is, humanly speaking, a place of remembered living. On this small remote plantation the old South has fulfilled its fate. After passing through alien hands it has been acquired and restored by a son of the ancient stock. Blinded by an accident, he returns there to end his days with a platonic mate, Marget, daughter of the family overseer of former time. Between them, with the assistance of some local virtue belonging to Sweet Rocket itself, they develop a creed of mystical meliorism (my phrase and very likely a bad one). Sweet Rocket becomes a sort of centre of occult benignant force; all who come there are touched by it and carry away a species of divine infection. As for the creed or revelation itself, it is not so much developed and expounded as stated and restated, dozens of times, scores of times. And the medium employed is a diction perilously resembling, at times, the lingo of the yogis and prophetesses who, in our time, have for one reason or another been interested to deck platitude in a mist of words. One of the blind Linden's utterances will serve to suggest the whole substance and manner of the present book:

> "It's something like this," said Linden. "We are One Being with its mighty potencies. All that comes in comes to us, all that goes forth goes from us. The points that take, ponder, sort, combine, alter to better liking; the mighty poles, the mighty afferent and efferent that flow from pole to pole, all that is movement, that is gravitation, that is cohesion, that is justice, that is harmony, that is love, are Ours. We go as we have gone through time, from and toward—the from that is also toward, the toward that is also from. But something beyond Space and Causation as we have known them, increases upon us. Consciousness in some sort of the whole orb, awareness through and through, is momentously upon us to-day. In the end all desire is desire for that."

This would be easy to parody, but let malice turn a chivalrous cheek; there is no shadow of doubt that its author is very serious about it. I can only say, as I have said of other narratives in Miss Johnston's later vein, that there is a painful sense of strain, of feverish insistence, about this exposition of a theory of perfect peace and rest.

If you ask me, as the English say, I

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have never read anything by Cosmo Hamilton that seemed to me the work of a story-teller. He deals in that far more primitive article than the novel of ideas, the novel of purpose. He writes tracts on a big scale and out of a not altogether wholesome impulse. He is all for having things out in the open, with the air of having invented true morality and of being delighted to put it on the market without restrictions or rebates. "The Blindness of Virtue" was his high point. "The Blue Room", according to his publishers, is "a powerful plea for the single standard of morality". Omitting the word *powerful* and restricting the word *morality*, the description may pass.

Bill Mortimer, rich, a man about town, goes to war and comes back sobered. He will give up his drink and his women and marry a "Miss Respectability" and settle down. He finds the Miss on a neighboring place in the country: a "nice kid" suddenly grown up for his benefit. She has always adored him, he now worships her. There is nothing in the way of their marriage but his past, which involves numerous affairs with young persons of the model and chorus-girl type, and one first-class seduction of a fisherman's daughter. All this he wishes to put behind him, but it can't be done. Justice, chance, and Mr. Hamilton are too much for him. On the eve of their marriage, Miss Respectability discovers Bill's past, condemns it as "unfair", and almost runs away. But a kind friend persuades her that Bill's past is in a way none of her business and that he alone will have to pay for it. This is liberal: other social moralists have read the moral differently: Mr. R. W. Kauffman, for example.... The tale is told in a style of consistent and complacent banality, the very style of the movie commentator.

There is far more of reality in character and action in the unassuming "Little Warrior" of the effervescent Mr. Wodehouse. His "Uncle Chris" approaches caricature as clearly if not quite as closely as Mr. Hamilton's elder Mortimer; but he has the advantage of not being involved in a "plea" or a "study" of any kind. He is an excellent figure of comedy in his right place. So much of current fiction is touched with glowering realism or sour-mouthed cleverness that such real spontaneity and good humor as Mr. Wodehouse's is irresistible. I am not sure but the secret of its irresistible charm is the author's personal detachment. So many humorists of the hour seem to found their appeal on a sort of "See me, what a funny fellow I am", instead of the "Look here, what a funny thing I've found" of a more generous method. With Mr. Wodehouse we have at least the illusion of sharing his enjoyment of the amusing things his people find to say and do. The little warrior is a charming girl of mixed American and English parentage who lets herself become engaged to one Derek Underhill. Derek has all of the British faults and few of the British virtues. His mother, a dowager of the first water, easily works upon his snobbery and cowardice to separate him from Jill. But there is better fortune in store for her, and the comedy by no means lacks delicacy in recording the none too easy turning of her heart from unworthy Derek to worthy though witty Wally Mason. It is largely a comedy of the stage and the stage door, in scene and setting; but it is never guilty of slipping so far toward the realism of fact as to spoil our fun. And for that rea-

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son we are the more sure of its reality on its own plane.

A less discreet publisher might have said something about a single standard of morality in connection with "Mary Wollaston"; or a fogy might find in it the somewhat labored announcement of a single standard of immorality, or at least of unchastity. Mr. Hamilton says it isn't fair that only one of the parties to the marriage contract should be a virgin. Mr. Webster says it isn't of vital importance that either should be; that everything may be comfortable enough anyhow, if neither happens to be immaculate, as long as everything is owned up to and understood between the happy pair. Or at least this is the moral the general reader, certainly the average young reader, may be depended on to draw from the story. Now mutual understanding and forgiveness is a beautiful basis for marriage to start on. Mutual complacency and unrepentance offer a less secure stance. Mary Wollaston is a war what-you-call-'em. A young American officer, a stranger whom she meets at a dance, spends his last night before embarkation in Mary's New York flat. She does not know his name, or care to know it; never sees him again. She has frankly taken him as much as "given herself", to meet a need of the hour. She feels no shame, has no regret for her own sake. But she hates to think what the attitude of her family and friends would be if they knew. To be regarded as pure and innocent fills her with impatience—so Victorian, anyhow, to dwell on that sort of thing! She later finds the truth, "the simple, physiological truth", a handy weapon to fling at an undesired suitor; and no obstacle at all to union with the man of her heart. Add that we are supposed to give our unstinted admiration to the latter gentleman (a high-souled eccentric hero as per Messrs. Locke, Tarkington, et al.) and you have the author's "proposition". Mary Wollaston and her Anthony March have discovered that "sentimentality is the most cruel thing in the world"; but it would be difficult to find another word for the atmosphere with which this story invests its realism of fact. That is why I for one find little health in it.

"The Noon-Mark" is a work of consistent realism. It is faithful to fact but not enslaved by it. It has no idea or purpose except to interpret American place and character by embodying them in a reasonable and sufficient action. Mrs. Watts's scene is again the midland city of the third generation, with its "old" families revered for their half-century of prestige, and its lesser orders moving upward in their turn; its bustling pride and self-sufficiency; its business prosperity; its somewhat languid aspirations toward culture. In the first decade of the present century, "a kind of diluted cosmopolitanism" flavors it. Its parks and squares and beaches reflect, in name at least, the glories of Manhattan. For central figure of her story the chronicler chooses not the youthful paladin of humble extraction, upon whom his fellow citizens are in the last chapter to bestow the mayoralty as a prize for his victory over civic

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Development. By W. Bryher. The Macmillan Co.

Sweet Rocket. By Mary Johnston. Harper and Bros.

The Little Warrior. By Pelham Grenville Wodehouse. George H. Doran Company.

The Blue Room. By Cosmo Hamilton. Little, Brown and Co.

Mary Wollaston. By Henry Kitchell Webster. The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Noon-Mark. By Mary S. Watts. The Macmillan Co.

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corruption, nor the beautiful citizeness of vulgar parentage who is a born lady or a born *amoureuse*, but a nice clean girl of the people who scores her modest triumph over "life" through sheer integrity of nature. She is not mentally brilliant, she has not a trace of "temperament", she is æsthetically crude. Her speech remains the speech of the Stieffel family who dwell in the jerry-built cottage on the other side of the "dumps" to which the McQuair residence turns its indifferent shoulder. The McQuairs are the aristocrats of the story, and to Randon McQuair, latest scion of the house, our Nettie Stieffel almost gives herself in ill-omened matrimony. Here Mrs. Watts's sense of caste determines her ruling. Nettie turns back in time because she realizes that she is not the McQuairs' sort, and does not greatly care to be if she could be. In the end she does distinctly "better herself" by marriage with Peabody. But he is a man old enough and ripe enough to marry her for the fine woman she is, and to be content that she shall never be a fine lady. It is a story to be placed, by those who respond to this story-teller's genial-ironic kind of thing, beside "The Boardman Family" and "The Rise of Jennie Cushing",—not a great novel but a real and solid one, among the medleys and contraptions which so often pass muster, nowadays, under that name.

JOHN MASEFIELD OF THE PRESENT DAY

BY GERTRUDE H. CAMPBELL

THE Great War was not kind to the poets. Those who did not go to the front, for no matter how worthy or inevitable a reason, missed one of the great experiences of the race; and already their singing rings a little hollow to the ears that heard the crash of Rheims and the moans of the dying at Gallipoli. Of those who went, the majority lie quietly in little plots that "are forever England". Of those who returned, some are smitten dumb; some, shocked almost out of sanity by a horror too heavily borne, mouth only bitterness and violence; and some, seeking escape, turn to pretty and facile themes and will not face the past. And the one poet of the first rank who had won his spurs in drama and narrative and lyric, who had been maturing splendidly and surely from "The Story of a Roundhouse" to "The Everlasting Mercy", who, passing unscathed through Gallipoli and the Somme, produced the magnificent prose "Gallipoli" which some hailed as a prelude to an adequate interpretation of the whole war,—what of John Masefield?

His first work after the war is the story of a fox hunt; his second, a collection of lyrical and narrative poems after the mediæval style; his third the story of a horse race. Is John Mase-

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field broken by the war to the point where he can no longer see life steadily and portray it whole? Is his to be henceforth the poetry of escape?

The majority of his critics seem to think so. A reviewer in "The New Republic" writes of "Reynard": "'Reynard the Fox' is narrow and external; the work of a romanticist." And another, that "Reynard" must have been written before the war; if after, "it is a confession of silence on the part of a man whose silence will be the cause of deep regret.... One is loath to accept the implications of its appearance in 1919 in place of the present work of a Masefield profoundly influenced by the war." (As to which, Masefield himself testifies in the introduction to the new edition of "Reynard": "It was written between January 1st and May 20th, 1919.") Winthrop Packard in "The Dial" notes with "rankling resentment" that "an artist who is able to hunt down souls in cadences of poignant beauty has wasted probably the best part of a year in the full ripeness of his powers, chasing a fox around a shire." Amy Lowell mourns in the New York "Times": "The war has hurt Mr. Masefield...his mind, his spirit.... He is cast back, pitifully, achingly, upon the world he once knew and that he deeply loved. This latest volume of his...is really a cry of hunger for the past, a wave of nostalgic longing for the old, simple, thoughtless days of security and peace...to preserve for his bitter comfort." Only one American critic, in THE BOOKMAN, hints at something deeper and finer born out of the war, in the "thrilling undertone" of passion for England and Englishmen that sounds so nobly in "Reynard" and contrasts so curiously with the darkness and violence of the individual human tragedies that represent Masefield's best prewar work.

Turning from the critics to Masefield's own work, the most careless reader cannot but note a change in the whole spirit of the man. Beauty and power are there, as ever; but most unexpectedly we are given objective studies of social action instead of subjective studies of individual development; comedy and high romance instead of tragedy; ways of escape at the last won for the individual by his own steadfast courage, such as every human being must needs believe to the end can be won by himself. It is a very real change; but there is in it no hint of desire for a facile escape from reality. What is the nature of it, and what is its relation to Masefield's experience in the war?

It is of course not really expected, even by the "New Republic" reviewer, that a great poet's healthy reaction to a tragedy like the war should be explicit. No genius even yet has worthily celebrated the Armada; Shakespeare's reticence on the momentous events of his time is notorious; the Napoleonic Wars waited a century to find a partial interpretation in "The Dynasts". It has been frequently noted how something in cataclysmic physical events deadens the creative spirit of man. A "Gallipoli" then, is not to be taken as a preliminary study; it is an almost unprecedented record in itself, such as we have of no other great movement since the March of the Ten Thousand; and its further significance lies in another direction entirely—its revelation of the vitality of Masefield's genius, that could not be paralyzed even by so great a horror. The author of "Gallipoli" is not one to turn away from the world's pain and go a-fox-hunting for an escape. But if ever a "Dynasts" of the Great War

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is written, it is safe to predict that it will not be by one of the generation that saw the war.

Masefield's reaction to the war, however, is evident and perfectly logical, to one considering the whole mass of his work. Forced into the most intimate crowded contact with his fellows, under almost unendurable physical conditions, in the imminent shadow of death, with the minute by minute grinding contact of spirit on spirit that is torture to the sensitive intellectual, he discovered sense of kinship with his mates, pride of race, the enduring value of social continuity in which though the individual perishes the cause survives,—all that inarticulate social solidarity which is one of the priceless heritages of the Anglo-Saxon. His tenderness and gentleness and compassion is only intensified; his sympathy with all living creatures is broadened; beauty becomes for him something sterner than mere loveliness—more the "intellectual beauty" of a great predecessor; the stark physical resolutions of the tragedies of the Widow, the Dauber, Nan, are revealed in their crudeness as no resolutions at all of the essential spiritual problems. Death loses spiritual significance to a man who has seen men going to death in masses with jests on their lips—real jests, born of a real spirit of fun. And this reaction has resulted in that new interest, in society as society, evident in his work.

Masefield has always felt keenly enough the underlying tragedy of human life—the mockery of the fate that brings to nothing our finest hopes and makes our highest ideals a scourge to ourselves and to the innocent; or of the brute physical fact that kills the dream. No contemporary poet has so consistently portrayed this tragedy, on so high an ethical plane. Nevertheless, the tragedy has been always the tragedy of the individual soul. Each protagonist fights by himself, and dies to himself. It is a great fight, almost the greatest of dramatic situations, but not quite the greatest. It is isolated. It lacks human background, social continuity. Dauber dies practically alone, and we are shown his solitary grave among the Andes—a tremendous picture. But Hamlet and Socrates and Christ died under the eyes of a multitude, and we are not allowed to miss for a moment the sense of a continuing social order, for evil or for good, with which their fate is bound up. The lack of this social background in longer narrative necessarily involves the lack of another element which has been noted, in Masefield's work—laughter, humor, objective joy in sheer living, that universal social product which arises to make human life endurable whenever two or three are gathered together.

Now this sense of social continuity, of the fellowship of lives in mass, with the resultant joy in a life that is so much more than the life of the individual, is just what the war brought to Masefield and what he is putting into his later work. "How could men even exist under such conditions?" asks the reader of "Gallipoli". Yet they did live; they fought like demons and died in droves like cattle, day in and day out, men of culture and refinement, men like Masefield himself, men who were his comrades and friends. And they did not grow brutish, nor were they even tragic about it. They larked cheerfully in the unspeakable trenches of Gallipoli; they had pet names for the deadly German artillery on the Somme; they played practical jokes in the intervals of bombardment and advance. It certainly came to the somewhat shy and sensitive Masefield

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as a strange thing, this give and take of simple human comradeship. He refers to it again and again with a kind of wonder—to the envious cheers for the doomed landing parties given by the men left behind on the ships; to the laughter as of young gods with which the volunteers went to death. But he was too great a man and poet not to accept what he found true, and try to work it into his philosophy of life. He kept his eyes open, coming to realize as many before him have realized how necessary to life and happiness is confidence in a well-wrought social background, how truly the English battles are won on English playing-fields, how worthy a poet's theme is the daily life of ordinary people that is the matrix of all heroism. Then and there he must have resolved to study his fellows in mass and to incorporate into his future work that social background. Observe how carefully objective is the "Gallipoli". It is the story of a group, not of an individual; again and again he reminds us that the group conquered, even while the individuals withered away like moths in flame. He is chary of citing any individual cases—scarcely half-a-dozen in the whole book. For the individual case is tragedy, stark and unrelieved; but the sum total is not tragedy. The individual case is part of Gallipoli, and Gallipoli is part of the Dardanelles campaign, which is part of the war, which is passing into the life of England and of the world.

So when Masefield turns back to work, he has a new outlook, a new subject, the life of society. "When people are happy together," he explains in the new introduction to "Reynard", "I am quite certain that they build up something eternal, something both beautiful and divine, which weakens the power of all evil things upon this life of men and women." Here is solved for him that old unhappy problem of the transitoriness of beauty, which haunts so much of his early work. The life of mankind, of society, is too big a thing to be tragic.

Thus, then, Masefield, dropping, perhaps only temporarily, a theme in which he excelled, turns to his new lesson, the interpretation of the full objective life of society; of English society. For he must study patiently from the life whatever he undertakes —Charles Sorley noted the trait in him long ago; he is legitimately enough one of the New Realists. This explanation of his choice of theme in "Reynard" is simple enough: "A man wanting to set down a picture of the society of England will find his models at the games.... In the English country, the main sport is fox-hunting." "Hunting", he says in the introduction, "makes more people happy than anything I know.... At a fox hunt, and nowhere else in England,...can you see the whole of the land's society brought together, focussed for the observer, as the Canterbury pilgrims were for Chaucer." So in his volume "Enslaved", he turns back to the old English ballads for models—the most impersonally racial of all literature; and the theme of his chief poem is a story, not of an individual's soul-tragedy, but of the triumph of certain racial qualities over almost impossible odds, even as he must have seen time and again at Gallipoli. In his latest work "Right Royal" he again studies English society, again at one of its typical moments, a horse-race; and for the same reason. "We are a horse-loving people," he notes in the introduction to "Reynard", "who have loved horses as we have loved the sea."

But it is not only in the direction of

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human society that Masefield's sympathies are widened and broadened. From the very first he has shown a true unsentimentalized sympathy with the soul of wild things; the feel of the wild duck's flight "over the globe of the moon", the "shy-eyed delicate deer" trooping down to the brook to drink, English larks and blackbirds singing in the hedges. Part of his success in his sea pieces is due to his quick sympathy with the life of the great ships, "divine bright ships, the water's standard-bearers". Even in the terrible, impersonal pages of "Gallipoli", the men crawling forward to attack "see the world as the rabbit sees it", and Masefield creates for the reader in a word the swift illusion of the rabbit's little horizon of earth and sky. Also, "one who was there" said that "there were little birds that droned, rather like the English yellow-hammers", amid that blind hell of Gallipoli. Truly, kinship with the little creatures of earth and air must be deeply implanted in the soul of John Masefield; and it is no marvel that he depicts the fox's world, as one reviewer puts it, "so that we are sure that he must some time have been the fox". Only now for the first time perhaps this kinship becomes conscious. "Something in the hunt", he notes in the introduction to "Reynard", "wakens memories hidden in the marrow, racial memories, of when one hunted for the tribe, animal memories, perhaps, of when one hunted with the pack, or was hunted." In other words, his newborn sense of the continuity of life extends on the one hand outward from the individual into the social structure of which he is a part, on the other hand backward and downward through all forms of present life and into the ancestral past.

Finally, it is to be noted that in both "Reynard" and "Enslaved" the hero escapes temporarily. In the long run, we know, both this fox and this man will prove mortal, and in the longest run of all the race of neither foxes nor men will perish except for some larger good. But that longest run cannot be shown in art; and Masefield is resolutely eschewing the partial individual tragedy in his preoccupation with something finer and larger.

We may well turn at this point from cold dissection of the man's art to consideration of the purely human aspect of the situation. For the war truly hurt John Masefield most poignantly —not the mind, not the spirit, but the modest and humble heart of the man that responded always so swiftly and gratefully to appreciation and understanding and found so great a joy in kindred spirits, and is now left so lonely while the poet strives to interpret what vision came to him in the Dardanelles and France, to the accompaniment of such crackling thorns of criticism as those quoted at the outset. Any just estimate of John Masefield's postwar work must take into account this intense loneliness, the void, not only personal but artistic, in which he is working. Charles Sorley, that amazing youth who has given us the best reading of the prewar Masefield, could have interpreted "Reynard" and its successors. But Sorley fell at Loos. Rupert Brooke would know what broader vision of human destiny came to Masefield out of the shambles of Cape Helles—though there are deeps in Masefield which the bright spirit of Brooke might never have plumbed—but Rupert Brooke lies dead in Skyros, and it fell to Masefield himself to mourn him in two of the tenderest sonnets in the "Good Friday" volume. And so it goes down the list. It is John Masefield's task as

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a poet to express the deeper significances and idealisms of the war for the inarticulate many who cannot speak of their sorrows and dreams; that he is equal to his task is proved by the eagerness with which every scrap of his verse is received. But of that small appreciative group of critics who were themselves poets and creators—personal friends, emulous rivals, not too facile admirers—no voice is left to cheer or defend or interpret.

It is a tremendous task that is set John Masefield—finally to interpret to itself a whole complex society such as that of England after the war. If at length he succeeds and gives us once more the soul of the individual, a Dauber or a Nan, and portrays it springing from such a background as he is now studying, then we shall have a worthy memorial, not indeed of this hideous war, but of the flowering of the spirit of man at Rheims and Verdun and Gallipoli.

BOOKS IN THE WILDERNESS

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

WELL do I recall visiting, some years ago, Frederic Chapman, that charming scholar, remembered with affection by many (worriedly aware of, and vexed by, and by all his kindly instincts aloof from, the heartless money-scramble round him), at his home in Twickenham, up the river from London. I remember how the building was braced from end to end, by reason of the load of books on his shelves, by these house-supporters known, because of the shape of the bolts holding in the brace-bars, as S's.

I thought of him as I was choosing the books to accompany me on a journey into the wilderness. I should have liked to have put the conundrum to Chapman: "If you had only room for a few books, which would they be?" Would "the Bible and Shakespeare", I wonder, have been his reply? I cannot ask him now. The classical allusion, to him at least, would not sound heartless: Charon has rowed him across Styx these years ago. Charon allows no dunnage, only our memories and hopes.

In a Peterboro canoe-boat, despite its blend of loadbearing capacity and buoyancy, one cannot carry a library. The selection of books on view upon the shelves at the "jumping-off place" (Nelson, British Columbia, to wit), that selection made by the booksellers, of course, had much to do with my own selection. Only one of the volumes that I carried along with me did I specially order. The rest (with the exception of one I made myself with cuttings, paste, and a note-book—of which "more anon") I merely culled from the shelves in the three bookstores of that pleasant Kootenay town. I have known booksellers who seemed

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much less to realize the awful responsibility attaching to their tastes.

I did not take a Bible with me and, frankly, I missed it. Often and often thoughts arise in the Silent Places, among the wild peace of lake and mountain, that bring Biblical quotations in their train; and I long to verify the quotation. Looking up at the million tamaracks and balsams, the splashes of yellow among the dark green, the white glacier peaks five, six, seven thousand feet above the jade lakes where, pigmy-wise, I row along, such phrases as "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me. It is high. I cannot attain to it", drift into the mind. Milton also occurs in such odd lines, like gold flecks in quartz, as:

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa...

when I come to some place where the trees that shed cones and needles give place to the aspens, and birches, and maples showering their late crimson and yellow to the ground. Walt Whitman comes very easily to the mind, unsought, in such lines as:

The night in silence under many a star,
And the husky, whispering wave whose voice I know.

If writers of the sophisticated order occur they do so rather by way of contrast than because of their aptness. And ever and again they do occur. Thus I have tried to recapture the exact wording of a passage in Aldous Huxley's "Limbo" describing some exquisite, dainty figure such as the drawing-rooms and salons produce. All I can textually remember is that he described her feet as like tea-leaves under the hem of her skirt. I have only a vague impression of it, and it is like a fashion-plate from "Vogue"! I think of that because I am so far from it, in another world.

Selecting my books at the jumping-off place, I had to economize space. A pair of spare boots sued for a place, and it was "Don Quixote" (a bulky volume) that with a pang was ejected. It took up as much room as the boots. I might have sacrificed, perhaps, three other volumes that took up as much space together; but in the end "Don Quixote" went, alone, to accommodate the boots. A pair of waterproof pants, essential for damp days in the bush, if one would be comfortable, pushed out —I forget now what they pushed out.

The core of the interest, it just occurs to me, lies less in the books I took with me than in the books I continue to retain, or the books that, when I go to town for supplies, I carry back with me. On my last trip to town and store I bore away Gautier's "Voyage en Espagne" and Hudson's "Idle Days in Patagonia". I think I took Gautier because he was the man who described himself as "one for whom the visible world exists", and canoeing and camping in the wilderness, one inevitably longs for a voice to describe the visible world. It is a far cry from the lakes and rivers of British Columbia to Spain, but "Voyage en Espagne" is a masterpiece about the visible world; I suppose that is why I took it.

Once, in the "Mont Blanc" in Soho, that haunt of many interested in the written word, when a group of men talked on their favorite theme, I heard it said of W. H. Hudson that he contains no "fine writing"; and when I responded that to my mind from cover to cover of all his books there is naught but fine writing, I was met with the counter riposte that he had no consciously fine writing. This robbing of a great author of honor, making out that he is, what Johnson called Goldsmith, in the nature of an "inspired idiot", or a dead vessel wherein mysteriously nectar appears, seems to

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me, especially here, considering it all among these large manifestations of nature (among lakes and mountains and woods, cloud-bursts and rainstorm here, sunshine yonder, snowfall at another place, and all at once within view), too niggling for serious attention. It is not true. He who admires the work of W. H. Hudson is an admirer of fine writing. I dislike the wild superlative; I have not read all the books in the world; I am aware that often the best are not thrust under our noses. Hudson is a case in point; he had to wait a long time for recognition, and hear other men called "the greatest writer of the age". Yet I think it is safe to say, at least, that his is among the finest writing of our period. That is no merely wild superlative. And I must be honest with myself. I may dislike the phrase "fine writing", but I admire W. H. Hudson's prose; and to say that he does not know what he is doing is absurd. Obviously he does. He must. His art is no accident. Perhaps what those who object to "fine writing" mean by the words is what I call the "prunes and prisms" manner, such as that of—but let the name go.

Hudson is in the waterproof bag among the dunnage. He stands the test of the open. Here it may be interjected, although this is rather of those whom I can take with me on such a journey than of those I cannot, that I once tried to read Swinburne fronting the Atlantic on the Scottish coast, and

> Out of the golden remote wild west where the sea without shore is,

that had delighted me in a little den at home, could only call forth some such comment as Hamlet's: "Words, words!" John Muir is here. His also is "fine writing", very marked to my mind in such passages as that one in which he tells of the wind running in the Sierras and how, climbing a tall pine the better to watch the wind-waves billowing over leagues, he clung to its swaying top "like a bobolink on a reed". Stevenson's "Silverado Squatters" (in a pocket edition because of the little space it takes up, though at home I abhor pocket editions, confusing them with hairpin boxes) is of the company. I believe he is a "fine writer". The same kind of man who gives Hudson the discredit of not knowing what he is doing, gives Stevenson the discredit of knowing what he did. Out west here they have an expression for that way of looking at life; they call it "narrow gauge".

Stevenson accompanies me in that volume because he could describe what I look at, gazing up at the high altitudes, coasting the mountain bases, in a way that satisfies me. Those firs on the crests of the ranges five miles away from me, yet each individually clear are, as he said, "no bigger than an eyelash". Professor Pearsall Smith's selection of John Donne's "Sermons" will not light the campfire or be tossed overboard, but will remain till the snows come and the lakes freeze and I must turn home. His sonorous sentences are not made void and drowned out by the sonorous roll of the creeks in the gulches. I can read again and again that passage, with the toll of a bell sounding in the words, that he made for the death of King James I. And the lines in which he muses that "all this that is temporall, is but a caterpiller got into one corner of my garden, but a mill-dew fallen upon one acre of my Corne", do not seem a frail conceit, a bit of preciosity here.

Lafcadio Hearn is of the party, because he saw the color of the world. I do not read him much, for some reason, but I like to have him with me.

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His "Out of the East" won't help to light the fire even if a cloud-burst should drench all the woods. I shall find a bundle of dry red-willow twigs somewhere to start the flames. I often wonder how Hearn managed to pass through the foothills of the Rockies and the Kicking Horse Pass, and on down to Vancouver, and so westward to the east, without availing himself of the "stop-over" clause on travelers' tickets; often I wish he had left us some note of the sparkle of granite boulders and their blue shadows, of the azure skies behind the whiteness of glaciers, of the colors of the Indians' blankets, and the mysterious wild patience in their eyes.

Henry James, with his "Portraits of Places", is also here, another fine writer. All of those playwrights whom we call Shakespeare were fine writers; but it took Thomas Seccombe to object to Shakespeare's "purple patches". "Portraits of Places", "Partial Portraits", and "French Poets and Novelists" were written by Henry James before he had succumbed to his determination to be Henry James at all costs, when he was just Henry James. I think "Portraits of Places" will live after every novel of his last phase is forgotten. The preface he wrote to Rupert Brooke's "Letters from America" I know is claimed by some critics to be wonderful prose; but it seems to me that the prose of the essays it introduces is more admirable. They have a simplicity of diction, though of a different kind, as definite (and almost as good) as that of Henry James's in the days when he was simple. That book of Rupert Brooke's should be with me, though it is not. Had it been on a shelf of the bookstores in town I would surely have culled it. The chapter in it on "Indians" has put on record (I regret to have to repeat the word), simply, what all of us feel toward the aborigine who do not believe that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. And Brooke's description of the quiet trees, the rocks, the deer stepping down to drink and the "grey-blue lakes for ever sliding sideways", makes it a book to love although it figured in no list of "Volumes in Great Demand" in the Four Quarters. Keats is here, though not for "The Eve of Saint Agnes"; its sweetness cloys among the robust scent of cedar and balsam; for almost all of "Endymion", except what came from Lemprière; for many passages in "Hyperion"; lines such as those telling how

> There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
> When winter lifts his voice...,

which gain rather than lose in value read among the "big timber". He who could write of the "sea-shouldering whales" fits in here.

Richard Jefferies is in the waterproof bag. His "Open Air", although it is of the open air of England, kindly Kent and blue Sussex, also fits in. I can read him by firelight when the resin sputters and the flames leap high, and there is no sound but the sleepy "peep-peep" of resting lake-gulls over the dark blue waters where the stars vaguely light a wind ripple. Then there is Edward Thomas. He has stood the test. He has not gone overboard. The sense of eternity that the Silent Places give to us is in his work; and so he remains, telling of how he heard the first cuckoo of an ancient spring before the war; or, tramping in England, came to a deserted house in the smear of rain, and saw its blank windows full of memories. I doubt if there is any edition of his work printed in America. He died in the war and so became known

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to more than those who find books without extraneous aid; but he did not die (and he had not lived) as luckily as did Brooke. I do not think his poems are the best of him. The best of him is, in my opinion, in the lost files of the daily and weekly London journals. My own volume of him is a self-made one, a note-book, with cuttings from these papers pasted in. They stand the test of the eternal mountains and the lonely woods. The spirit is in them that is of more than a day.

Conrad's "Typhoon" carries with me MacWhirr, Jukes, Solomon Rout, Mrs. Rout—and Conrad. I have also Hergesheimer's "The Three Black Pennys", with many annotations on its margins linking page with page throughout; linking up the flight of geese that the first Penny saw with the flight of geese the last saw with dimming eyes; connecting the raccoon hunt of Howat's day with the raccoon hunt of Jasper's time, that Susan saw; the description of the day when the stone was warm under Jasper's hand while he rested and a hawk hung in air, with the account of how the stone was warm where the last Howat Penny sat down to meditate and saw a hawk fly over, and was filled with reveries he could not wholly understand. Among all the sartorial rustle of the pages there is the rustle of something else. It is a rustle not out of key with that in the aspens, exquisitely fading for this season by these waterways, and what their rustling, in the quiet, strangely talks into the heart.

These books, while the billy boils and the flapjack is a-cooking, and a coyote maybe moans at length of imminent snow, with an eerie crescendo, up in the gulches, are veritable companions in the solitude. I might adapt here some words from a paper by Hugh Walpole, on a theme not alien, which came into my hands on the very day I pushed off: "It is of course a purely personal list; whatever one may pretend, no list is ever anything else." Every author writes for himself and his own. Not even the greatest (how many "greatest" there are, as Whitman said) are the favorites of all, to say nothing of the fact that few men are stationary. Not everything they admire today will satisfy tomorrow. Somewhere Stevenson said he had long believed there must be someone who did not care for Shakespeare, and he found the honest man with joy. On another trip there will be other books, and only some, perhaps even none, of these; but in a large fashion the volumes selected to bear me company where are only the seasons and the weather will always, I am sure (knowing the kind of books that alone can live far from cities, where the mind is ceaselessly thrown into a natural wonder regarding the origin and the destiny of all), however dissimilar they may be, yet be similar in this: they will always be books with the quality of art in them, a conscious quality, whether it be art simple or adorned; books with a sense of eternity either ringing explicit in them or strangely awakened in the reader's heart because of their sense of the beauty of the transient.

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

INTERPRETER'S HOUSE

By Henry van Dyke

IN Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" there is a place where the much hurried and sometimes harried traveler comes into the house of the Interpreter. Here the pilgrim enjoys an interval of quiet in the midst of a strenuous journey. He is well entertained, sees things that are full of interest, and receives through picture and symbol some of that wisdom and courage which will be useful to him in his further travel. Something like this, it seems to me, was given to a world of travelers in the books of Hamilton Mabie. Tranquil and meditative in themselves, they are evidently intended for people who are "going a journey". They do not dissect life; they interpret it; and what we get from them is companionable knowledge to go with us along the way.

Now, one of the large company who received this benefit, has given us the portrait and biography of the Interpreter. Mr. Morse's "The Life and Letters of Hamilton W. Mabie" is conceived and carried through in the spirit of its subject. It is clear, sympathetic, and convincing. It follows Mabie from his start in a simple American home where neither poverty nor riches interfered with the normal growth of an honest boy; through the awakening course of a thoroughly American college where he found out that great books belong to life, the corrective but not disheartening events of a comparative failure in the practice of law, the long years of training in the editorial rooms of a famous periodical where he learned how to write by doing it, the enriching experience of a home where love never failed and the garden-gate opened into the Forest of Arden, the strengthening joy of success as an author and a lecturer, the rewards of a living reputation earned by hard work and generous service,—through all this the biographer traces Mabie to the position which he so quietly and without pretense filled in his later years,—the well trusted and beloved interpreter of literature and life to hundreds of thousands, yes, we may safely say to millions of the American people.

No man in the country had more friends or held them more closely (in Stevenson's phrase) "without capitulation". No man had more unenrolled pupils in the arts of reading and living. Enviers and detractors he had, of course, and possibly some who were his enemies, although he was not theirs. But he lost no time over them. He waged no conflicts except with himself, had no griefs except life's inevitable, chastening losses, and cherished no grudges at all. There was no man in the United States who was better fitted than he to be sent to Japan as the representative of the "Carne-

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gie Endowment for International Peace". When the Great War came he did not shirk his service, with voice and pen, to the cause of that kind of peace which sometimes must be fought for; and it was in that active service, when he was over seventy years old, that Death touched him with the final warning. A few months of cheerful, patient illness; an opportunity to bid his friends goodby, always in the spirit of "so long!" And then he was mustered out of life as serenely as he had lived it.

There was something about Mabie which I do not believe any biography could give fully; the vitality, the steady force and vigor, the energy that always had a reserve to draw upon, the wholesome geniality and the overflowing humor of the man in his habit as he lived. He was full of sentiment, but not in the least sentimental. Toward the tribe of æsthetes he stood as Emerson did toward the transcendentalists: they heard him gladly, but he was not one of them. On the platform or in the street, he was a sturdy figure, well dressed in a manner that asked no attention, stepping firmly without unnecessary noise, observant of all around him, and habitually loyal to the best within him. He did not take much thought about it, because it had become a second nature. I never saw a man less theoretical, abstract, or formal in his way of living. He had no pose,—and least of all that pernicious pose of denouncing other men as poseurs. He just sailed ahead, carrying a heavy burden of work and engagements without groaning or even creaking. He made you feel that he was glad to be busy; but if you knew him well you were sure that he unreservedly loved to play.

In talk he had great freedom and verve. When he struck a theme that roused his natural indignation he could be effectively damnatory. But in writing it was different. He somewhat deliberately chose not to write—at least not often—about things that made him angry. He wished to use his time in praising and commending the things that he admired. But in this he was neither blind nor fond. He was ready to give a reason for the admiration that was in him. As critic, he was not so much concerned to present a new view as to deepen a true view. He showed things not by a searchlight, nor by fireworks, but by a steady, all-round daylight.

Among his books the one on Shakespeare has a peculiar value. It cost him long preparation and much concentrated labor. He modestly disclaimed authority as an original Shakespearian scholar. But he had absorbed the best that scholarship has produced, and above all he had an intimate acquaintance with Shakespeare's work as a contribution to the life of the English-speaking race. Through this knowledge he became convinced that the secret of Shakespeare's greatness was in his supreme endowment as a poet,—an emotional interpreter of life through the imagination in musical language. This conviction Mabie embodied in his little volume with clearness, sufficiency, and persuasiveness. If I could choose only one book about Shakespeare for a boy or girl beginning to read his works for pleasure and to study them for power, I should choose this book of Mabie's.

Of his other volumes, like "Under the Trees", "My Study Fire", "Work and Culture", "The Life of the Spirit", and "The Great Word", which have had so many readers, there is no room to speak here. They are full of vital wisdom. It would be a good thing for this era if new attention were drawn

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to them by the appearance of Mr. Morse's admirable biography. For I think the age has need of good guides who are also friends.

The Life and Letters of Hamilton W. Mabie. By Edwin W. Morse. Dodd, Mead and Co.

MAIN STREET

By Stanton A. Coblentz

IT has been asserted that few of our large cities have been adequately represented in the contemporary novel. Whether or not this charge be justified, no one reading "Main Street" would make such a statement regarding any of our innumerable small towns. This comprehensive history of "Gopher Prairie, Minnesota", is suggestive, as the author indicates, of "ten thousand towns from Albany to San Diego". The "Main Street" of the story is "the continuation of Main Street everywhere"; and in a host of towns thousands of miles from Minnesota we may find the same "Rosebud Movie Palace", the same "Farmers' National Bank", the same "Howland and Gould's Grocery", the same "Axel Egge's General Store". In a host of towns, likewise, the Widow Bogart is to be seen piously moralizing and spreading scandal; Dave Dyer, the druggist, is repeating the same jest day after day and year after year; and Ezra Stowbody, the banker, who is revered as an authority on all things human and divine, is foreclosing mortgages in order to inculcate respect for the law. The names of the characters may vary from place to place, but the characters themselves are the same.

"Main Street" is not primarily a novel of plot. There are few complications to the story; the tale itself might easily be condensed to five or six pages; the narrative interest is everywhere subservient to character and situation. Against the grey, monotonous background of Gopher Prairie the two principal characters stand out in sharp outline; while behind them, in various shades of distinctness, may be seen the incidental personnel, some of them vividly defined, some of them barely distinguishable from thousands of a common type. The story is concerned principally with Carol Milford, the throbbing, active city girl who comes to Gopher Prairie as the wife of Will Kennicott, the country physician. In Gopher Prairie not much happens to her—not much happens to anyone in Gopher Prairie—and it is the very drabness and monotony of life in the small town that makes the story. For the real narrative does not consist in the external occurrences in the life of Carol Kennicott; it arises from those events of which the rest of Gopher Prairie is securely ignorant—from the long, smoldering rebellion against the pettiness of life in the small town; from the growing resentment against the superficially kind husband who does not understand that his wife is cramped, that the moth can "desire the star"; and from the final open revolt, which leads the wife to run away to Washington, only to return, after two years, reluctantly reconciled to Gopher Prairie.

Paradoxically, the solution of the problem of Carol Kennicott seems to be that no solution is to be found. Though life in Gopher Prairie is narrow, prosaic, and uninspiring, without breadth and devoid of outlook, yet they who go there are by degrees so innoculated with the "village virus" that they discover escape to be meaningless as

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imprisonment, and in the end resign themselves to Gopher Prairie and to "the humdrum inevitable tragedy of struggle against inertia".

In a sense, that tragedy is not confined to Gopher Prairie, nor to all the Gopher Prairies on earth. It is the universal tragedy of human life, a tragedy far more profound than that of the hero of the epic; it is the tragedy of the denizen of office and factory and apartment house; the tragedy of the decay of youth and of youthful aspirations; the tragedy of the all-consuming drabness of life; of the normal, the conventional, and the commonplace. And it seems to be Mr. Lewis's message that just as Carol felt herself confined when beyond Gopher Prairie, even as when within it, so many another person, though externally he reside in New York or Philadelphia, is living within a Gopher Prairie of his own, a Gopher Prairie of pettiness and triviality, of suppressed ambitions, and of inevitable greyness and monotony.

It must be said for Mr. Lewis that he has made his case convincing. Life in Gopher Prairie, small and changeless and perpetually narrow, is made photographically real; yet while the author writes with the most minute and unerring sense of detail, he peers beneath the surface with a keenness that is more than photographic, and interprets life in a way that should make his novel of interest and value even to those already exhaustively acquainted with the small town. He may perhaps be accused of dealing too much in trivialities, and of occasionally dwelling upon petty details to the point of tediousness, yet such trivialities and such tediousness are inherent in the very nature of the story, and Mr. Lewis can scarcely be condemned for not seasoning the tale with exciting and improbable adventures. Possibly the novel would not lose from the omission of a few pages, yet there is very little that the reader would willingly exclude. However insignificant the subject-matter, everything has some essential bearing on life in Gopher Prairie; and the total impression one derives is that neither Jane Austen nor George Eliot depicted the provincial England of the past with more vividness than that with which Mr. Lewis portrays the present-day American small town, its humor and its pathos, its meanness and its potential greatness, its innumerable petty comedies and its hidden, sordid tragedies.

Main Street. By Sinclair Lewis. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

HISTORY IN A NEW FORM

By H. L. Pangborn

WELLS, the historian, is compounded of Wells, the novelist; Wells, the scientific, philosophical investigator; and Wells the poet—poet in a primary sense, the maker. And the sum of these is Wells, the seer. The book is more than a broad outline of history; it is a vision, and whether one sees it all eye to eye with him, or with a somewhat differing perspective, his vision is stupendous. It drives one to superlatives. It is history visualized, emotionalized (using the word in no disparaging sense), history made alive.

What does it matter if the pedant, the specialist, can pick little flaws here and there; if some of the minor detail is, perhaps, a bit out of drawing; even if some lines of the picture are lacking or, at least, defective? It is the

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thing as a whole that counts. The critical microscope is not the instrument to apply to it, though it will stand such minute scrutiny rather wonderfully. But one must stand off a little and look at it in its entirety to understand its importance. John Burroughs has remarked that "in the curve of the moon's disk all broken or irregular lines of the surface are lost to the eye —the wholeness of the sphere form subordinates and obliterates them all".

Thus it is with Wells the prophet, the seer in history, that we are concerned. Doubtless the phenomenon is not a perfect sphere, but it is a luminary of so great brilliance, and of such convincing sphericity, that one cannot but see the magnitude and validity of its conception. It is not necessary to agree with him at all points to do that.

The great thing which Wells has done—and it is, unqualifiedly, a very great thing—is to state the evolutionary concept of history as a continuing, growing entity, in terms readily understandable of the common man, the reader of intelligence sufficient to enable him to do any real thinking. It is that which makes the book so highly dynamic; stimulating to such a degree that it is not too much to call it the most potentially formative book of our day.

It is a picture of "mankind in the making"; developing under biological laws, man himself becoming a maker of new, or newly operative laws of growth, and thus able to modify and direct his own future course. Thus it, inevitably, ends in a question mark. Having traced the road whence he has come, he must ask—whither? It is here that Wells functions as a prophet, demonstrating that the same broad forces which have operated to shape man's route in the past, from Palæolithic hunters to the complexity of modern nations, are still busily at work and, moreover, working in the same general direction.

He sees this process as a progressive attainment of human unity. His vision is no fanciful Utopia. (The critics who have seen in the book no more than a "Socialistic tract" are singularly blind.) It is rather a prediction, a well-founded guess, as to what is likely to come out of the indubitably existing formative forces in the further evolution of human life. The details of it, especially as to the time that may be needed, are clearly open to debate and divergence of opinion, but it will be hard to find a vital error in the broad foundations upon which his outlook is based.

We have come thus far, he shows, along such and such roads; each step, from variant directions, has hitherto tended, ultimately, to the making of greater unities, larger groups, broader syntheses, and the perception of still larger, possible combinations: a "oneness" developing out of the manifold. "It follows", says he, "that we are engaged upon an immense task of adjustment to these great lines upon which our affairs are moving.... Our true nationality in mankind." But the reader must not suppose that this is crude internationalism, either of the Cobdenite or Wilsonian type; still less of raw communism. It is a broader and deeper thing than these. He sums up:

> Sooner or later that unity must come or else plainly men must perish by their own inventions. We, because we believe in the power of reason and in the increasing good-will in men, find ourselves compelled to reject the latter possibility. But the way to the former may be very long...or it may be travelled over almost swiftly in the course of a generation or so. That depends upon forces whose nature we understand to some extent now, but not their power. There has been a great process of education...but there are, as yet, no quantitative measures of education to tell us how much

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has to be learnt or how soon that learning can be done.

That suggests both the genesis of the book and its primary aim. The latter is education, the first step toward which he rightly sees to be a common and comprehending understanding of history. Mankind as a whole must more fully understand whence he came, and how, before he can decide whither he shall go. The war, of course, brought this to the front, but it is emphasized in Wells's books of the last fifteen years or more. Before we can hope for a better ordered world, or anything like a world state, we must have a more understanding, better informed mass of men and nations. This may sound chimerical, fantastic, to the narrow minded. But it is no impossibility. Rather, it is a necessary conclusion, if man's evolution is to continue upward. And the decision as to that seems, Wells argues, to rest mainly with man himself. It is in emphasizing this that he has rendered so remarkable a service.

It is a petty business to pick flaws in his performance. There is not room here to examine its detail, even briefly. Its most obvious defect is his neglect of Roman law as a constructive factor in history. Otherwise, he shows a titanic grip on the great significances, and his detail is accurate to a degree that is well-nigh marvelous.

The novelist in him makes his pictures of men splendidly vivid—live human beings instead of shadows or theatrical puppets. Philip of Macedon, drunk and sober, Frederick II amiably discussing things with the Sultan of Egypt—one might pick scores of masterly, illuminative character studies. Wells, the scientist, is always in evidence, on guard, striving for accuracy with genuine scientific devotion to truth. But the great value of the book is in its stimulus toward wider, more constructive education as a basis for greater future human unity. It is Wells, the seer, who speaks most eloquently.

The Outline of History. By H. G. Wells. Two volumes. The Macmillan Co.

AN EPIC OF THE WEST

By Hartley Alexander

IN a certain auspicious sense the Great West of North America is being rediscovered. The day of the men of deeds—trapper, trader, herder, home-maker—is settling into the past; new times have brought new manners, and the old life, bare to sun and wind and rain, has given place to the seclusions of civilization. Nevertheless, America is still young, and the West is still young, and the adventurous ring of its morning is trumpet-like in its power to inspire. We are changing, but we have not forgotten our fresher past, nor has the veil which blurs into myth the realities of times estranged yet fallen to obscure our imaginative sense. The tide is high for him who shall harken, mind and soul, and with song upon his lips launch upon Homeric seas.

Doubtless it is the call no less of temperament than of the time which attracts to the theme of the opening up of the West the sensitive and epic imagination of John G. Neihardt. As a poet, picturing the savage adventure of the early days of the Yankee invasion of the plains and mountains, Mr. Neihardt has already won his reputation: his theme is huge and his powers are not unworthy of it. In his new volume, a prose volume, he appears again in his chosen domain, now as an

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historian,—an historian, let us haste to add, with a tale that is more than chronicle, that is in truth what history should be, a portraiture of men engaged in such deeds as befit men's strength. The period taken is 1822 to 1831, the event is the career of Jedediah Smith, who in the eight years of his adventurous maturity was the first American leader to discover the central overland route to California—later the great immigrant and trade route—and to measure the length of the Pacific coast from Los Angeles to the Columbia. Smith, who finally fell victim to a band of marauding Comanches, was obviously a man of heroic build, and Mr. Neihardt gives unity and verve to his volume by making him the central spirit; but it is in a truly epic mode that the story is conceived, and hence there could not be less than a picturesque emphasis upon the companions of the hero, among them Ashley and Henry, builders of the fur industry, and the trapper Hugh Glass who is the subject of one of Mr. Neihardt's best-known poems. In telling his story Mr. Neihardt is conscientious with his materials, drawn from manuscript letters and diaries in various western historical society collections, as well as from printed works; but he shows a true instinct for the picturesque and significant (and indeed it is often the picturesque that is the significant, deeds of men under stress), and the power to mold fact into something better than fiction. "The Splendid Wayfaring" is a book for zestful reading, as well as the record of a career which all young America should come to know.

It would not be worth while to draw attention to one slip in Mr. Neihardt's information, and perhaps in his instinct for the pertinent, were it not that at the outset he makes an imaginative pivot of the "wanderlust" of the Aryans: "we might liken the ancient Aryan spirit to a prairie fire driven by an east wind out of Mesopotamia and destined to burn across a world", and he carries forward its moments of conflagration until its flame should have swept the Yankee across North America. As a matter of fact, the image is untrue; "Aryans" were never except adventitiously in Mesopotamia, which was never their "home"; nor had the staunch hardihood of American pioneers any real relation to the imperialisms of European history. Mr. Neihardt could have drawn a more imaginative and less objectionable perspective had he shown the renewed encounter, after a multimillennial separation, of the ancient peoples of the Eurasiatic steppe region in the persons of the Indian and the Plainsman upon the prairies of North America. But perhaps it would have been still better for the moment to forget Europe, and to show these youthful types of men still youthful in their New World.

The Splendid Wayfaring. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Co.

LYRIC FIRE

By Louis Untermeyer

THIS is indeed a rich and resounding trio. Here are three of the most important books of poetry of the year—three volumes as varied as one might expect from their authors. Two of them have their deepest impulse in common. And, strangely enough, these two are not the books by Messrs. Sandburg and Masters, but—*mirabile dictu*—Sandburg's and Sara Teasdale's collections. Both of these poets,

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in spite of their utter dissimilarity in technique, form, and subject-matter, are united by an attitude to life that is, first of all, lyrical. Even their titles have a balanced affinity: "Flame and Shadow"—"Smoke and Steel". The incongruities are all on the surface: idiom, choice of material, typography, sentence-structure—no two poets could have less obvious points in common. The kinship is deeper: a basic exaltation that expresses itself only when it sings.

Sara Teasdale's poetry is, to the casual reader, the more traditionally tuneful, more obviously the product of the song-writer. But it is by no means a series of facile melodies that live only to be set to music or to fill a page that is not quite occupied by the third instalment of the Reverend Boreson's "My Five Years at the Font". It is not even the same precise singing that one found in Miss Teasdale's previous work. Now that so many of the younger lyrists have learned her trick of tightening up an eight-line poem with a sudden twist, she has turned to something less patterned and more poignant. While other melodists are still copying the effects of Sara Teasdale, Miss Teasdale has stopped imitating herself. The clean, straightforward idiom of "Rivers to the Sea" has a warmer naturalism in "Flame and Shadow", a more spontaneous intensity. The subject-matter is still the same. Miss Teasdale seems limited to a preoccupation with death, landscapes, stars, the sea, life, longing, and Beauty —generalities that prevent her from exploring the rich details they contain. She is satisfied to use the old themes —but what surprising variations she weaves around them! Take, as examples, such poems as "What Do I Care", "Places", "The Sowing", "Water Lilies", and the magical threnody "Let it be forgotten". Here are new rhythms, far more subtle than those she has ever employed; here are words chosen with a keener sense of their actual as well as their musical value; here the line moves with a metrical inevitability. I quote the last, though by no means the least, of these poems.

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,
  Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,
Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,
  Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten
  Long and long ago,
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall
  In a long forgotten snow.

Radiance plays around these verses. Beneath the symbolism of such poems, one is conscious of a firmer artistry through a more flexible speech. This loosening up is the very proof of Miss Teasdale's advance. The flexibility of lines like "Water Lilies" and "The Long Hill" makes them all the lovelier; the slight (and logical) irregularities keep the pattern from hardening and (witness the rhythms of D. H. Lawrence and Water de la Mare) supply a fresh magic.

THE LONG HILL

I must have passed the crest a while ago
  And now I am going down—
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know,
  But the brambles were always catching the hem of my gown.

All the morning I thought how proud I should be
  To stand there straight as a queen,
Wrapped in the wind and the sun with the world under me—
  But the air was dull, there was little I could have seen.

It was nearly level along the beaten track
  And the brambles caught in my gown—
But it's no use now to think of turning back,
  The rest of the way will be only going down.

Carl Sandburg is another kind of lyricist. The great generalities like love, hate, death, and sorrow sweep also through his lines. But he is more

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powerfully moved by the sight of puddlers in a steel mill, a small town on the B. and O., a shanty hanging by an eyelash to the hill slants back of Omaha, clean curtains in a grimy side-street, a gun that has seen service in France rusting on the wall, women washing their hair—all the countless minutiæ of everyday life. And it is not mere observation, no matter how close, that makes Sandburg's records of these things vital and palpitant. Not even the proverbial "inspired reporting" could fill these poems with that blend of toughness and tenderness that is so distinguishing a feature of this poet. It is a lyric fire that intensifies such seemingly "descriptive" sections as "Playthings of the Wind", "Accomplished Facts", "Passports", and "Panels". Even the long rhapsodic poems and the four beautiful preludes are, in spite of their program, a series of extended and sonorous songs. Few of our contemporary poems are more genuinely passionate or lyrical than "Blue Island Intersection", "Crimson Changes People", "Broken-Face Gargoyles", "Sumach and Birds", and this dusky-colored

EVENING WATERFALL

What was the name you called me?—
And why did you go so soon?

The crows lift their caw on the wind,
And the wind changed and was lonely.

The warblers cry their sleepy-songs
Across the valley gloaming,
Across the cattle-horns of early stars.

Feathers and people in the crotch of a treetop
Throw an evening waterfall of sleepy-songs.

What was the name you called me?—
And why did you go so soon?

And here, in an even quieter key (unfamiliar to those who ridicule the "roughneck" Sandburg—without reading him) is a song as delicate as anyone today has sung:

HELGA

The wishes on this child's mouth
Came like snow on marsh cranberries;
The *tamarack kept something for her*;
The wind is ready to help her shoes.
The north has loved her; she will be
A grandmother feeding geese on frosty
Mornings; she will understand
Early snow on the cranberries
Better and better then.

Once in a while, Sandburg lets his mysticism run away with him and slips into a language that is more literary than alive. But these lapses are rare. "Smoke and Steel" is both an epic of modern industrialism and a mighty pæan to modern beauty. Smoke-belching chimneys are here, quarries and great boulders of iron-ribbed rock. Here are titanic visions: the dreams of men and machinery. But, most of all, silence is here—the silence of sleeping tenements, of creeping mist-forms and sun-soaked cornfields. It is to Sandburg's immense credit that he has given these silences a voice.

Masters's "Domesday Book" contains many things in its three hundred and eighty large pages. But lyric fire is the one thing which it conspicuously lacks. Struggle is in these pages—the technical struggle of the artist trying to rise above his medium, no less than the psychical struggle of his characters. Masters's chief equipment is a brooding seriousness, a dogged and frequently flagellating honesty, an intensive analysis that is, at base, a spiritual seeking. But it is spirituality without lift, intensity without rapture. Never once do these probing lines crystallize in one flaming moment; never do they fuse and glow with that heat which is the burning core of poetry. Passion is dealt with, studied, invoked, dissected, slid under the microscope. Yet the essence of it dissolves; its very nature escapes.

A great part of Masters's inability to communicate the fervor that burns

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him is due to the stiff and monotonous language he employs. "Domesday Book", frankly founded on "The Ring and the Book"—without acknowledgments—is the story of the life of a girl who has died mysteriously near Starved Rock. From forty different sources, we learn the history of the girl, her backgrounds, her experiences, her dreams—and those of the narrators. But what gives these monologues the air of dulness is the fact that all of the speakers (in spite of their differences of class, education, and environment) talk in exactly the same garrulous, rhetorical idiom. Sometimes the locutions are so stilted as to be flatly absurd. On one page Mrs. Murray can say, "Take Poverty and *chuck him out*"—and, in the next breath, utter Shakespearian constructions like:

> You punish where no punishment should be,
> Weaken and break the soul. You weight the soul
> With idols and with symbols meaningless.

The sheriff, after certain racy sentences, falls into the same oratorical diction and, doubtless thinking of Patience on her monument, keeps on talking in such elegances as:

> Why, she sat
> Like a child upon an asp's nest picking flowers.

Gottlieb Gerald, the piano-maker, speaks in an even more pompous and less credible key. Thus:

> And then, as all before,
> The problem is how much of mind to use,
> How much of instinct, phototropic sense,
> That turns instinctively to light—green worms
> More plant than animals are eyes all over
> Because their bodies know the light, no eyes
> Where sight is centralized.

Even a business man in Fairbanks is made to utter tropes like:

> And in the valleys
> Darkness remained; Orician ebony
> Is not more black.

It is this deadening sameness of speech that blurs the author's picture. And this is a genuine pity. For, in spite of the preponderance of lengthy philosophizing couched in a colorless blank verse, there is great power here. Lacking the sharp condensation of "Spoon River Anthology", this work is spread on a much wider canvas, a panoramic vista crowded with detail. If Masters can rid himself of his oracular airs and the bad Browning-Shakespeare patois with which he wearies his staunchest admirers, there are few limits to his possible achievements. If he can forget the studied inflection of greatness, forget the accents of his gods, and learn once more to talk like Edgar Lee Masters, his future may be as spectacular as his past. "Domesday Book" is too diffuse and prosy to be a masterpiece of poetic fiction, but it contains the seeds and strength—and the hope—of one.

Flame and Shadow. By Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Co.
Smoke and Steel. By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace and Howe.
Domesday Book. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Co.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE CZAR

By John Bunker

THE world has been so sated with horrors in the last few years that it is apt to look with comparative indifference on any addition to the list; and yet it is difficult to read the present book without feeling that we have here an account of one of the most stupendous tragedies of modern times. The bare facts are these: that the autocratic ruler of an immense empire passed in a few short years from his position of absolute power through deposition, deprivation, circumstantial

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cruelty, intense suffering, and positive want to the final scene of all—the unusually bloody execution of himself and his entire family in a little room in an obscure town in Siberia. So fiendishly thorough and complete was the destruction of all evidences of the crime—the bodies being consumed by acid and fire and the remaining bones and ashes thrown into an abandoned mine shaft—that it is only now, two and a half years later, that we are given the details of the murders and indeed afforded sure proof that the murders took place at all.

The present work is divided into two parts—the first part, by far the more realistic and valuable, which consists of the legal examination of members of the Imperial suite and of eye-witnesses of the crime; and the second part, the narrative of the Russian special correspondent of the London "Times" based on the original *dossier* of the investigating magistrate. The depositions of the two Imperial tutors and of Colonel Kobylinsky, who was Commandant of the Palace under the Kerensky régime, give many interesting glimpses of the members of the family in misfortune and of their contrasting characters; but it is on the testimony of the three Bolshevik soldiers who were members of the guard on the fatal night, that the main interest centres. These three afford not merely a statement of the facts, but a really fascinating study in psychology —Philip Proskouriakoff, a lad of seventeen, of slightly decadent mentality, who was awakened from a drunken sleep to clean up the room which only an hour before had been the scene of the tragedy; Anatolie Yakimoff, a man of some education and tolerance, who gives a crude but vivid description of the events of the night; and Pavel Medvedeff, a hardened character and one of the actual participants in the crime, who regards the tragedy in the cold light of reason and offers no comments either of pity or dislike.

Part II, the narrative of Robert Wilton, the "Times" special correspondent in Russia for sixteen years, gives a general view of conditions in that country up to and including the execution. He has two main contentions—first, that the Germans attempted to, and for a time actually did, rule Russia through the Soviets, which had been set up under their patronage, but that later, through their practice of playing fast and loose and their endeavor to win the support of the Cossacks and the Volunteers, they lost the confidence of the Soviets. His second contention is that an inner circle of Jews dominates the Central Executive Committee of the Soviets; that they are directly responsible for the murder of the Czar; that Jews were and are the principal instigators and leaders of the Russian Revolution as indeed of most revolutionary movements throughout the world today; and that "the Germans knew what they were doing when they sent Lenin's pack of Jews into Russia...because the Jews were not Russians and to them the destruction of Russia was all in the way of business, revolutionary or financial".

Though the writer apparently gives chapter and verse for these last accusations, there is about this portion of the book a general air of hysteria and exaggeration. To the present reviewer at least Mr. Wilton's habit of intemperate statement largely vitiates whatever of truth there may be to his charges. This allowance being made, however, the present work is really invaluable as historical evidence, and simply as a human document and a

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dramatic picture of life it possesses a profound and poignant interest.

The Last Days of the Romanovs. By George Gustav Telberg and Robert Wilton. George H. Doran Company.

ENGLAND AS IT IS TODAY

By James C. Grey

ENGLAND a wounded giant struggling to recover strength, is how Frank Dilnot sees his native land in the postwar period. His book is the unbiased report of a trained observer of social conditions who after an exile abroad as foreign correspondent for a London newspaper, returned to find his country cruelly wounded by war, facing grave economic problems, but guided by a spirit which is essentially stable. "Material changes travel in company with novel moods among large sections of English men and women," he writes, but he is strong in the belief that when the new England emerges the old England will be its unfailing inspiration and support.

He chronicles a general unsettlement throughout the land, new problems at home and abroad; and after a careful analysis of the labor question he is bold enough to ask: "Is it likely that a republic will be established? Can a revolution be effected by means of the present machinery at the disposal of the British people?" It is the identical question asked by Trotzky when a British labor delegation recently visited Russia, and Trotzky answered his own question in the negative, lamenting the fact that the British delegates seemed deaf and blind to the methods whereby Russia had entered on her dangerous experiment.

Nevertheless Mr. Dilnot does not seem to feel quite sure. No one feels sure of anything these days. The public mind is in a whirl of confusion, and thinking observers have ceased to have a coherent view about anything; but here we have gathered into a sort of cinema show a record of impressions political, social, and economic of immense value to those who cannot gather their own impressions at first hand, and who seek a coherent view from afar off.

Mr. Dilnot has much to say about America, which he knows well, and about the "misconceptions on both sides arising from causes that are ineradicable". "I, an ordinary, country bred Englishman, never felt so happy or so much at home as I did among the villages and small towns of Vermont, Ohio and Missouri. The farming folk were amazingly like the country people of Kent and Worcestershire, Hampshire and Devon. I felt the currents of common feeling in a happy rush," he writes; and as he relies on the farming folk of England to supply the element of stability to postwar England, so he relies on the farming folk of America to surmount the difficulties and perils that may lie athwart the intermingled endeavors of America and England in the years ahead of us.

The American reader will find much to instruct him in the chapters dealing with the new leaders in politics and economics who have arisen in England since the war.

England After the War. By Frank Dilnot. Doubleday, Page and Co.

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SOME TABLOID REVIEWS

SAN CRISTOBAL DE LA HABANA, by Joseph Hergesheimer (Knopf).

Havana has entered into the soul of Hergesheimer. Its beauty, tropical warmth, seductiveness, and mystery appealed to him. White-marbled, palm-beautified, a blue sea beating against its promenades, and with alluring Spanish characteristics, with a suggestion of Africa, it is a city where the life that captivates the exotic mind is lived to the utmost. Mr. Hergesheimer, translating the spell of Havana into words of great imagery and color, has visualized its wonderful charm.

THE BOOK OF CHICAGO, by Robert Shackleton (Penn).

It was in 1804 that the first white child was born in Chicago, but the city was not formally created until 1837, so that it has much less than a century to its credit. It was characteristic of Chicago that its first printed and bound book was a city directory, but, strange to say, Mr. Shackleton's entertaining work is the first volume on Chicago is existence. The tribute of praise to Chicago and the Chicago people is unlimited. A hearty atmosphere of appreciation pervades every page. There is full recognition of Chicago's bigness, its self-assurance, its creditable achievements, and the loyalty of its people; and the story is told with a breeziness quite in keeping with a chronicle of "the windy city".

CAPTAIN MACEDOINE'S DAUGHTER, by William McFee (Doubleday, Page).

This well-written novel, broader in its scope than Mr. McFee's previous books, is strong not only in its character portrayal but in the philosophy interspersed throughout its pages. It is redolent of the sea, of course, for, to perpetrate a paradox, Mr. McFee's feet tread most firmly when they are upon shipboard. One criticism of the book, however, can be based upon the fact that the entire 326 pages comprise a monologue supposed to be recited by a chief engineer in one evening to his listening shipmates; and long before the story ends, the reader begins to wonder whether this feat is not within the realm of the impossible.

THE TIGER IN THE HOUSE, by Carl Van Vechten (Knopf).

A famous character in one of Mark Twain's books argued that millions of bottles of eye-wash could be sold because there were so many people in the world with sore eyes. The analogy applies to Mr. Van Vechten's book. Cats are in nearly every household; and a work which seems to be the final word concerning them ought to have a tremendous sale. If not, then the fourteen months of Mr. Van Vechten's industry, during which he compiled a remarkable amount of information concerning cats, have been devoted to a labor of love. There is no doubt, however, that he considers the time well

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spent. The book is inspired by enthusiasm and friendship. No reference to cats, whether in the occult, in art, poetry, or fiction, has escaped his research, while his analysis of feline traits and habits indicates close observation based upon intimacy. The book is a revelation concerning the more or less important part which cats have played in history and literature.

LITTLE ESSAYS DRAWN FROM THE WRITINGS OF GEORGE SANTAYANA, by Logan Pearsall Smith (Scribner).

George Santayana, born in Madrid, educated in America, Professor of Philosophy at Harvard during the days of James and Royce, left these shores some eight years ago. He has published several volumes of verse, while five of his ten volumes of elusive and impeccable prose have deliberately concerned themselves with a portrayal of "The Life of Reason", in which he attempted "to reconstruct our modern, miscellaneous, shattered picture of the world, and to build...an edifice of thought, a fortress or temple for the modern mind, in which every natural impulse could find, if possible, its opportunity for satisfaction, and every ideal aspiration its shrine and altar". "Little Essays" is a mosaic of extracts from the five-volume work, so arranged as to attempt to reconstruct some image in miniature of the original temple.

DIARIES OF COURT LADIES OF OLD JAPAN, translated by Annie Shepley Omori and Kochi Doi (Houghton Mifflin).

Amy Lowell, in the introduction à la Elbert Hubbard that she has written for "Diaries of Court Ladies of Old Japan", makes incidental mention of a type of writing which has been cultivated by the Japanese from the end of the tenth century down to the present day: "desultory essays called 'Zui-hitsu' (Following the Pen)". The first, and most famous example of this style of writing is the *Makura no Soshi* (Pillow Sketches) of Sei Shonagon. As the mood struck her, Sei jotted down whatever at the moment was most vital to her veering interests, warmest in the intimacy of her thoughts. Enumerations of "Things Dismal", "Things Detestable"; lists of "Things that Cause the Heart to Thrill"; thoughts on cats, priests, spring dawns, lakes, festivals, evil spirits; records of her own *bons mots*, and slow-smiling envenomed accounts of those weaknesses that make the brotherhood of man such a humiliating reality.

PIPEFULS, by Christopher Morley (Doubleday, Page).

Here are the everyday things of life woven into delightfully human essays, with much cheerful humor and a touch of satire. Mr. Morley is like a painter who converts the commonplace into a work of art.

MASTERPIECES OF MYSTERY, edited by Joseph Lewis French (Doubleday, Page).

The lure of the mystery story warrants this collection. There are four volumes—riddle stories, ghost stories, mystic-humorous stories, and detective stories—and in these groups are presented the best of their kind in the world's literature. The work of selection has been admirably done and the volumes are compact and easily handled. The readers of this character of fiction, who are steadily increasing, are here provided with enjoyment for many an otherwise idle hour.

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FICTION IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The following lists of books in demand in November in the public libraries of the United States have been compiled from reports made by two hundred representative libraries, in every section of the country and in cities of all sizes down to ten thousand population. The order of choice is as stated by the librarians.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Devil's Paw	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
3.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
4.	The Portygee	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
5.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	The Trumpeter Swan	*Temple Bailey*	PENN

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
2.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3.	The Great Impersonation	*E. Phillips Oppenheim*	LITTLE, BROWN
4.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
5.	The Trumpeter Swan	*Temple Bailey*	PENN
6.	The Book of Susan	*Lee Wilson Dodd*	DUTTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
2.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
4.	A Poor Wise Man	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
5.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
6.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
2.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
3.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
4.	A Poor Wise Man	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
5.	The Great Desire	*Alexander Black*	HARPER
6.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON

WESTERN STATES

1.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
2.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
3.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
4.	A Poor Wise Man	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	DORAN
5.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
6.	Woman Triumphant	*Vicente Blasco Ibáñez*	DUTTON

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1.	The Top of the World	*Ethel M. Dell*	PUTNAM
2.	The Valley of Silent Men	*James Oliver Curwood*	COSMOPOLITAN
3.	The Age of Innocence	*Edith Wharton*	APPLETON
4.	Harriet and the Piper	*Kathleen Norris*	DOUBLEDAY
5.	This Side of Paradise	*F. Scott Fitzgerald*	SCRIBNER
6.	Kindred of the Dust	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN

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GENERAL BOOKS IN DEMAND AT PUBLIC LIBRARIES

COMPILED BY FRANK PARKER STOCKBRIDGE IN COOPERATION WITH THE AMERICAN LIBRARY ASSOCIATION

The titles have been scored by the simple process of giving each a credit of six for each time it appears as first choice, and so down to a score of one for each time it appears in sixth place. The total score for each section and for the whole country determines the order of choice in the table herewith.

NEW YORK AND NEW ENGLAND STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. "That Damn Y"	*Katherine Mayo*	HOUGHTON
3. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
4. The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
5. Vagabonding Through Changing Germany	*Harry A. Franck*	HARPER
6. Crowding Memories	*Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	HOUGHTON

SOUTH ATLANTIC STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. Vagabonding Through Changing Germany	*Harry A. Franck*	HARPER
4. Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie	*Comte Fleury*	APPLETON
5. The Americanization of Edward Bok	*Edward Bok*	SCRIBNER
6. "That Damn Y"	*Katherine Mayo*	HOUGHTON

NORTH CENTRAL STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. The Life of John Marshall	*Albert J. Beveridge*	HOUGHTON
4. The Rising Tide of Color	*Lothrop Stoddard*	SCRIBNER
5. Creative Chemistry	*Edwin E. Slosson*	CENTURY
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

SOUTH CENTRAL STATES

1. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
2. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
3. Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie	*Comte Fleury*	APPLETON
4. "Marse Henry"	*Henry Watterson*	DORAN
5. The War, the World, and Wilson	*George Creel*	HARPER
6. Sacred and Profane Love	*Arnold Bennett*	DORAN

WESTERN STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. The Brass Check	*Upton Sinclair*	SINCLAIR
4. Roaming Through the West Indies	*Harry A. Franck*	CENTURY
5. Vagabonding Through Changing Germany	*Harry A. Franck*	HARPER
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

FOR THE WHOLE UNITED STATES

1. White Shadows in the South Seas	*Frederick O'Brien*	CENTURY
2. Now It Can Be Told	*Philip Gibbs*	HARPER
3. Vagabonding Through Changing Germany	*Harry A. Franck*	HARPER
4. Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie	*Comte Fleury*	APPLETON
5. "That Damn Y"	*Katherine Mayo*	HOUGHTON
6. An American Idyll	*Cornelia S. Parker*	ATLANTIC

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

WHAT other American city can show anything like as many literary successes as Chicago?" is the query propounded in "The Book of Chicago" by Robert Shackleton. "What other city can point to so many writers who have swept the country with their books? More than that, what other city can point to anything even approaching so many? New York claims the honor of being the literary centre. But how many books of sweeping popularity have come out of New York! Whereas Chicago has been furnishing a steady line of successes."

Here, indeed, is a fine question to be settled. It is not for the Gossip Shop to decide; but perhaps the Authors' League or the Writers' Club or some similar organization has a spare evening to devote to a joint debate between representatives of the two cities. It would add to the gayety of the situation to ask someone from Boston to cast the deciding vote.

An announcement of considerable importance to all those who are interested in literature of the South Seas is just made by George H. Doran Company to the effect that they will issue early in 1921 an authoritative life of Herman Melville, author of "Typee", "Moby Dick", "Omoo", and a number of other well-known novels which were the precursors of the latter-day South Sea literature.

The biography has been written by Professor Raymond M. Weaver of the Department of English, Columbia University, and is the result of a long and careful study of Melville and his books. Mr. Weaver has had access to a mass of unpublished letters, journals, legal documents, and various other material in the hands of Melville's heirs from whom he has received very hearty cooperation in the preparation of this authentic life. The book therefore will be the authorized biography, and the richness and picturesqueness of the material is bound to give it wide attention.

In addition to this biography the announcement is also forthcoming from Doran that they have in preparation a new edition of Melville's novels each of which will be prefaced by a critical introduction. Professor Weaver is now at work on the notes and introductions for these volumes.

Mrs. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, in her book, "Crowding Memories", tells of a singular experience in the life of Olivia Langdon, who afterward became the wife of Mark Twain.

At sixteen years of age Miss Langdon had fallen upon the ice and seriously injured her spine. For the next two years she was confined to her bed, a pathetic invalid, utterly helpless. Even the gentle raising of her body

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was followed by a period of unconsciousness. She failed steadily, until even hope was dead. Then Mrs. Langdon read a poorly printed advertisement of marvelous restoration to health by the laying on of hands. The parents grasped at the straw and, in response, came Dr. Newton. He prayed and bade the young girl rise. Slowly and with vague eyes the slender form obeyed. Then, responding to simple words simply spoken, her body relaxed and her head sank upon the pillow. Upon the occasion of his visit next day, the girl arose and walked to a chair. Thereafter sickness and pain were banished; and the healer refused to accept any compensation for his service.

The plot of Isabel Ostrander's latest mystery story, "How Many Cards?"—which, by the way, is the best work she has done—turns upon a playing card, the nine of diamonds, which was found near the body of the murdered man.

It is a curious thing that this particular card has always been regarded as exercising a peculiar influence. It has had, as the author remarks, a definite place in history. In an ancient game, "Pope Joan", it is the Pope; and in comette, which is popular in Scotland, it is the chief card. Its most common designation, "the curse of Scotland", is supposed to go back to the nine lozenges of the Dalrymple arms, as the Earl of Stair was responsible for the massacre of Glencoe; "but the most probable tradition concerning the origin of the sinister name," remarks one of the characters in the story, "is that the Duke of Cumberland, while he was drunk and gambling on the night before the battle of Culloden, wrote across the face of the nine of diamonds the relentless order to his cohorts that no quarter was to be given to the enemy on the morrow."

"No quarter!" remarks Officer McCarty, as he eagerly grasps at another clue; and then the story goes merrily on.

An old neighbor of Rudyard Kipling's—a lawyer of Mrs. Kipling's in Vermont—tells a new sequel to an old Kipling story. To the old story,—

> A man once wrote to Kipling: "I understand you write for a dollar a word and send you a dollar for a sample." Kipling wrote "Thanks" and kept the dollar,

he adds,

> The man sold the Thanks for two dollars and again wrote to Kipling,—"I sold your Thanks for two dollars and am sending you forty-six cents—your share of the profits less the postage".

"The New Children", which is Sheila Radice's new book in which she demonstrates that the Montessori method is not only an educational theory but a philosophy of life, contains one sentence credited to Madame Montessori which is worth remembering. "It is not work itself," she says, "but the dislike of work, that makes people tired."

A notable company of English authors will lecture in the United States this winter under the management of Lee Keedick. Its personnel includes H. G. Wells, G. K. Chesterton, Sir Philip Gibbs, John Drinkwater, Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, and Hector MacQuarrie. The three first-named will begin their tour in New York in January. Mr. Wells will go as far west as Chicago; Mr. Chesterton may reach the Pacific coast; Sir Philip Gibbs and Captain Bairnsfather will cover the entire

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country; and Mr. Drinkwater will travel as far as Omaha. Mr. MacQuarrie's itinerary will be extensive.

The recent visit of Mr. Wells to Russia attracted worldwide attention, and while his experiences are not scheduled among his lecture topics, they are quite likely to be included. His announced subjects are "The Utopia of All Mankind", "The Bible of Civilization", and "School, College, Book and Newspaper". Sir Philip Gibbs will talk on "What America Means to the World", "The Social Revolution in England", and "The Conflict of Peace in Many Nations". Mr. Chesterton has a dozen or more themes at his command, those chosen for New York being "The Ignorance of the Educated", "Shall We Abolish the Inevitable?" and "The Perils of Health". If a wider range is desired, he has in his repertoire "Literature as Luggage", "The Burden of Bad History", "The Mistakes of Man", "Jerusalem and the Jews"—and as many more. His breadth and versatility are not to be measured with a yardstick.

Mr. Drinkwater, quite naturally, will lecture on "An English Dramatist's View of Lincoln", while Captain Bairnsfather has selected "Ole Bill, Me and the Income Tax". Mr. MacQuarrie, of course, is to talk about the South Seas. As the author of "Tahiti Days" he is already widely known for his descriptive powers. In view of the growing interest in everything relating to the South Seas, his lectures are sure to be immensely popular, especially as he will bring to his aid some remarkable motion-pictures.

The appearance of these distinguished authors will be a noteworthy event which will have a far-reaching significance and value. It will strengthen through personal association the ties which already bind American and English literature, while the assured cordiality of their reception will produce in England a beneficial reaction. More than this, it can be predicted that the words which are to be spoken will go far toward cementing a fraternity of purposes and ideals between the two great English-speaking nations of the world.

In a bungalow, among grape fruit and orange trees, Edward H. Pfeiffer, former New York journalist and civic worker, is preparing a book of short stories, revising three volumes of verse, and turning out pieces of prose and poetry between times, while the tennis courts and the "Y" swimming-pool at Redlands, California, are his chief inspiration, he says. He was the winner of the Spingarn Prize for poetry at Columbia University in 1910, and though a busy life gave him little time in the past few years for literary work, he now plans to devote himself entirely thereto.

There is hardly a trace of the feminine in "The Terrible Island", by Beatrice Grimshaw. This admirable story of adventure is told in the first person by a male character and, if the title-page lacked the author's name, no one would suspect a woman. One wonders, therefore, what sort of life has enabled Miss Grimshaw to acquire her confident masculine touch.

Perhaps her early contributions as a cycler to an athletic magazine in Dublin afford a clue; but, more than all, is the instinct for adventure which dominates her soul. She has rivaled Jack London in the variety and spice of her experiences, for she has explored the world, and even the jungles of New Guinea and Papua are familiar ground.

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An Irish girl by birth, the charm of the South Seas has made her captive, and she now lives on the island of Sariba, near New Guinea and overlooking the China Straits. Although the island is twelve miles long, there are no other white residents. It is a beautiful spot, with palms and coral beaches, a vista of blue and green seas, and mangoes and pawpaws. Her house, eighty feet long, is constructed entirely of native material from the Sariba forests. It has very many doors, and windows, the latter without glass, and it is decorated with coral and pearl shell. In the far distance is a group of islands, with mountains from five to eight thousand feet high; and as they are partly unexplored, they offer Miss Grimshaw an invitation which is not to be declined.

Vingie E. Roe, author of "Tharon of Lost Valley", says that "nothing in my whole life has afforded the delirious, heady, elemental joy that horses have given me". This is to be expected from a woman who has lived nearly all her life on horseback in Oklahoma and whose home is now fifty-two miles from a railroad. The auto, which goes further and travels faster is, after all, a mummy when compared to the horse.

Bayard H. Christy's useful and informative little book, "Going Afoot", is well worth while for all who delight in the joys of the road, for it tells how to walk, when to walk, and where to walk. It goes into the necessary details of clothes, equipment, food, and companions; and yet not the least interesting of its pages are those which are devoted to the bibliography of walking. These books form a library in themselves, with Emerson, Thoreau, and Stevenson occupying first place. Thoreau's essay, "On Walking", is a classic; notable especially for its quaint account of the origin of the word *saunterer*—from the pilgrims who walked and begged on the plea that they were going *à la Sainte Terre* (to the Holy Land). Stevenson, who wrote

> Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
> Nor a friend to know me;
> All I ask: the heaven above
> And the road below me

knew the delight of foot-travel, his donkey being merely for use and company. John Burroughs, who sang the praises of pedestrianism "to stir the iron in your blood", has literally walked into the innermost recesses of nature; while Edward Whymper, Harold Spender, Bradford Torrey, John Muir, Harry A. Franck—who has outfooted them all—and scores of others have made memorable contributions. There is something unique about this kind of literature; and it has this advantage: that one can sit by the fireside and vicariously be a son of the road. It is a healthy, stimulating literature and imparts a wholesome flavor to any library. The men and women who read it and love it have red blood in their veins.

Lately a visitor in India at the home of Rabindranath Tagore (now lecturing in this country), Allan A. Hunter, just returned from American Red Cross work in Jerusalem, says in a letter to the Gossip Shop: "You may go to Tagore's Indian home Shanti Niketan ("The Abode of Peace") to scorn. You remain to worship." Mr. Hunter says that upon first meeting Tagore with his flowing silver beard, the temptation is to consider him something of a poseur, which seems to be the judgment of journalistic America. But

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after he has poured out his soul for two hours while the visitor eats a lavish meal at his table, only an impression of sincerity prevails; and ardent spirituality, perhaps genius. Asked about "the white man's burden", his voice was a strident protest. But giving his æsthetic views to his visitor, he spoke in a crooning, caressing voice: "Our Indian hill dancing is an expression of an indefinite feeling after the perfect. True dancing is the lyrical cry of the body,—no, rather it is the cry of the heart itself finding expression in the musical instrument that is our body."

Arthur Crew Inman, one of the well-known Inman family of Georgia, has been for some time an enforced resident of Boston under a doctor's care. He has done what very few men are able to do—sent his subliminal self out from the darkened room to commune with nature. The result is a collection of poems which, having been brought to the attention of a publisher by an appreciative friend, now appear in a little volume entitled "Red Autumn". He sings of sunlight, the forest, stars, the magic cycle of the seasons. He has a poet's heart and a poet's instinct which make him a fit interpreter of nature. There is much in the book which is worth quoting, but these five lines must suffice:

I tell you:
He who can catch the faint elusive spell
That comes with ending night or fading day
Is richer far than he who holds the wealth
Of Midas at his idle soul's command.

A new book which Ethel Sidgwick will dedicate to her American readers —her eleventh to be brought out in this country—will be called "Madam", and is awaited with interest. It will be recalled that a decade ago on the appearance of her first novel "Hatchways", Miss Sidgwick was hailed as the first woman novelist of the new period in England to make the conquest of the American public and critics. She is the daughter of Arthur Sidgwick, former reader in Greek to the university of Oxford and translator of "The Jumping Frog" into Greek (Albert Bigelow Paine in his biography of Mark Twain mistakenly attributes this translation to Henry Sidgwick). She is also a cousin of the famous Benson brothers, Arthur, Edward, and Hugh, sons of the former Archbishop of Canterbury, and she was related by marriage to Arthur James Balfour. The past few years Miss Sidgwick has been living in Paris, and has just returned to England.

F. Scott Fitzgerald, author of "This Side of Paradise" and "Flappers and Philosophers", is a great-grandson of Francis Scott Key, who wrote "The Star-Spangled Banner".

Books upon bridge and golf may not come within the realm of pure literature but they undoubtedly have a wide appeal. A great many people, who are otherwise quite practical and business-like, confess to a fondness for one or the other, or both, of these recreations. With the publication of "Intimate Golf Talks" by Elon Jessup and John D. Dunn, and of a new book on bridge by Grace G. Montgomery, the subject comes within the scope of the Gossip Shop.

As a general rule, books which aim to give instruction in golf fail in their purpose. Like painting, golf is not to be learned from the printed page. It is the spoken word and the actual demonstration which are most effective. If, however, there is an exception, it is the little volume wherein Dunn, the pro-

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fessional, is reported by Jessup, the learner. The combination is an admirable one, for Dunn is an exponent of the game and Jessup, who is an editor by profession, has the art of verbal visualization. In the matter of bridge there is a difference. While bridge is best learned in the school of experience, books are of material assistance, especially when they are written with Mrs. Montgomery's clarity and skill. It is important, however, to remember what the expert teaches; for it goes without saying that if the would-be bridge player lacks a retentive memory and concentration, neither books nor experience will produce the desired results.

Dr. Henry van Dyke, asked by the Gossip Shop for news about himself, says that "there is nothing interesting about him or his habits or his opinions; that he is just a plain old fellow who pegs away at his work steadily, plays in the woods joyously, and tries to keep his whims and vagaries to himself".

The significant increase of books relating to the colored race warrants a summary of their contents in this issue of THE BOOKMAN. It is evident that a few thoughtful souls have the courage to face and discuss a growing problem. Unfortunately, none of these books offers a practical solution. The matter is not to be disposed of by merely saying, "Am I my brother's keeper?", nor by lightly suggesting that the negro be ignored. Suppose he refuses to be ignored; suppose he constantly reiterates his demand for justice and equality, for opportunity and progress? What then?

Up to the present time all the answers to this question have been along two lines. One of these is the callous attitude which insists that the negro has no rights which the white man is bound to respect, and the other manifests a spirit of bitterness and belligerence, prophesying that the colored races are going to fight, "and the war of the color line will outdo in savage inhumanity any war this world has yet seen." Surely there must be some middle path to lead us out of the maze into which we have been forced by inexorable history. Some of these days there will be a book which will offer a workable plan for dealing with this perplexing question; nor will we allow ourselves to believe that its non-appearance is due to a feeling of hopelessness in undertaking the task.

Palmer Cox, the creator of the famous Brownies, is now over eighty years old. The spirit of youth, however, is still in his soul, nor has imagination departed, for on a card which he recently drew and colored, he wrote the following bit of verse, entitled "Evening in Brownieland":

> The sun had left the west in pink;
> And stars began to pass the wink,
> And soon the lesser lights grew red
> Till heaven seemed one carnation bed.
> Old Neptune turned a watery eye
> On lovely Venus, bathing nigh.
> In all he saw, through orbits wide
> Or in imagination spied,
> He never anything had seen
> That so upset the Old Marine.

The deferred 1919 Nobel prize for literature having been awarded to Carl Spitteler of Switzerland, readers ordinarily well informed on literary matters may be forgiven their ignorance of an author so signally honored by the Swedish Academy of Science. As a matter of fact, however, Carl Spitteler has been called an exponent of the heroic in literature, a personality whose poetry goes beyond the workaday

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world. Within a certain charmed circle on the continent he has long been looked upon as the originator of a style peculiarly suited to the themes he chooses. Among his chief works "Prometheus and Epimetheus", published in 1880, is considered by those qualified to judge as inspired by Nietzsche—hence they place Spitteler among the pupils of the Zarathustra school. But the reception accorded his work at first was so discouraging that it only confirmed the author in his theory that all great things are subject to tragic isolation. His whole future was influenced by the indifference shown his "Prometheus and Epimetheus", which critics, nevertheless, now acclaim as worthy of the Swiss poet in every way.

Carl Spitteler was born in 1845 at Liestal, Switzerland. After extensive traveling abroad he returned home and accepted a position as teacher in a school for girls in Bern. His first work was published under the pseudonym of Felix Tandem. His "Extramunda" appeared in 1883; the collection of essays, "Laughing Truths", came much later; and it was between 1906 and 1916 that Spitteler wrote the poetry by which the future is likely to judge him best, "Olympic Spring", where his lyrical powers find the fullest expression.

Carl Spitteler occupies a unique place in the annals of European literature, and it may be taken for granted that his selection for the Nobel prize has its proper foundation, although so little is known of him this side the Atlantic ocean.

It seems a far cry from the directorship of a medical institution to the authorship of a book of poems, and yet the little volume, "Songs of the Susquehanna", by Frederic Brush, medical director of the Burke Foundation, White Plains, New York, demonstrates that the two are not incompatible. In fact, Dr. Brush possesses the poetic instinct; and his verses are characterized by a charm of expression, an intimacy with nature, and a delightful philosophy.

"Pins for Wings" is an attenuated quarto pamphlet with a dregs-of-wine cover containing some two hundred literary flashlights of poets as Emanuel Morgan sees them, with caricatures by Ivan Opffer and William Saphier. William Rose Benét is "a river of rockets in daylight", Gelett Burgess "sculptured chewing-gum on a trolley", Karle Wilson Baker "a window in the wash", Richard Burton "a quill in a buttonhole", Walt Mason "overalls rhyming", Harriet Monroe "The Mother Superior considers lingerie". It is a little hard to see why "I. C. Squires" (by whom Mr. Morgan probably means J. C. Squire) is "a ballet of marshmallows" —since when has the editor of "The London Mercury" been accused of lightness and sweet?

Henry St. John Cooper, author of that cosy little novel "Sunny Ducrow", is the grandson of Henry Russell who sang in America for many years, and a nephew of W. Clark Russell whose sea romances were once read on this side. One of Mr. Cooper's literary adventures encountered on the way to being a successful serialist and novelist was that of acting as sixteen-year-old assistant editor of a boys' paper. In the absence of enthusiasm on the part of the editor, and of proper funds, he got out the entire paper for many weeks, selecting old illustrations at

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random from an agency, and writing articles, short stories, and serials to fit them. In addition he conducted prize contests, wrote editorial notes, and answered correspondence.

"Sunny" is the winning heroine of a romance that reason may insist is preposterous, but that somehow momentarily hypnotizes you into a golden world unshadowed by the sinister problems which cause many latter-day heroines of fiction to writhe from cover to cover.

The lover of books who imagines that all the rare volumes are safely treasured under lock and key in the British Museum, the Library of Congress, in similar institutions, or in private collections, would be surprised at the large number which, for one reason or another, are still floating around in the book marts of the world. From this point of view some of the catalogues of rare books which reach the Gossip Shop are a revelation.

There awaits a purchaser, for instance, Shelley's own copy of "Queen Mab", bearing the line "Printed by P. B. Shelley. 1813", and filled with voluminous manuscript notes. It is true that the price, $9,500, places it out of the reach of the ordinary book-buyer; but none the less, one wonders why this precious volume should have remained so long an unclaimed wanderer. The copy of "Queen Mab" which Shelley gave to Leigh Hunt can be had for $4,500, while the copy of "Adam Bede" which George Eliot presented to Thackeray is listed at $1,500. Charles Dickens once sent a copy of "Pickwick Papers" to Hans Christian Andersen, inscribed "from his friend and admirer", and this can be added to any collection for $1,850. An edition of "Elia", which Charles Lamb sent to Miss Kelly, the lady whom he intended to marry, and which he forwarded to her with his "best respects", is only $1,400. Then there is the copy of "Fifine" sent by Robert Browning to "Dante Gabriel Rossetti, from his old admirer and affectionate friend", which Rossetti threw into the fire. It was rescued and can now be bought for $450, and so on down the list until a copy of "Leaves of Grass", with Walt Whitman's autograph, can be had for $25.

Fortunately, "Pickwick Papers" and "Elia" and "Queen Mab" are still procurable in cheap editions or may even be borrowed from the public library. If this were not the case the average book-buyer would feel a strong temptation to quarrel with an unkind fate.

The controversy over free verse goes merrily on. It finds one extreme in the critics who assert that no free verse ever written was real poetry, while on the other hand are the contenders who assert that formlessness is the only true medium of poetic expression.

In a letter to the Gossip Shop, Elizabeth Daly, of Yonkers, New York, contributes to the discussion. Her theme is a poem by Thackeray:

Few, if I know 'em, remember a poem
In this rhyme and metre, made long years ago;
Its stanzas so numerous, leisured and humorous,
Sounded the praises of Sweet Pimlico.

Miss Daly, in a dozen or more verses, cleverly contrasts rhyme with free verse and sums up as follows:

Oh, then I've a notion, they'll curb their emotion,
They'll freely perspire, they'll write very slow;
They'll wonder how ever a man could be clever
Enough to make verses like Sweet Pimlico.

It will be claimed, of course, that this is not poetry, which is undoubtedly true. There is a vast difference between versification and poetry; but

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the point made in Miss Daly's parody is not without an element of truth. Most of the free verse carries with it the impression that its authors have chosen to follow the line of least resistance in refusing to cudgel their brains by translating ideas into metrical form.

The paragraph recently published in the Gossip Shop, which incorporated the idea of Frederick C. Davis that rejection slips should indicate a reason for unavailability, has evidently made a wide appeal, for the Gossip Shop has received many letters on the subject.

E. G. Fitzbucke, of Sausalito, California, for instance, believes that the suggestion is entirely too good to be allowed to sink into oblivion; and he adds:

> I am not afraid of criticism, either before or after publication, although I am free to admit I prefer it after, as I would much rather be damned than rejected.
>
> If I write piffle, let the editor so state. I will then endeavor to unpiffleize. Under existing methods I know not whether I have broken every rule of English grammar, whether my story is unsuitable to that type of magazine, or whether the editor did not like my name.
>
> You have started a noble work. We can furnish plenty of reasons for refusal, so the editors need not find the work of checking them on the printed slips too monotonous.

The trouble with most authors is that they ask the editor to act as an instructor and criticize their manuscripts, a task which editors, no matter how kind-hearted they may be, could not perform unless there were forty-eight hours in each day.

The Roosevelt Memorial Association, with headquarters at 1 Madison Avenue, New York City, has established a Bureau of Roosevelt Research and Information and asks the cooperation of THE BOOKMAN readers in gathering authentic data about Roosevelt. There are, of course, similar organizations identified with the names of Shakespeare, Goethe, Dickens, and other great authors, and the Roosevelt Bureau will undoubtedly be instrumental in obtaining and preserving material of valuable historical interest.

Eleanor Farjeon, in "Gypsy and Ginger", deals shrewdly with a regrettable truth. One of the characters in the book is The Contradictor of Rumors, who remarks as follows:

> Have you not observed how the newspapers will frequently force a statement on you, or at least lodge the suspicion on you, by contradicting some rumor of which you have never heard until they say it isn't true? The affirmation was negative, the denial is positive. When they've denied it long enough, day after day, in every column from the leaders to the book reviews, it becomes an unshakable fact. I am at present devoting my life to establishing rumors by denying them.

So, in this roundabout way, Gypsy and Ginger started to reform London. One of their many rumors was that the members of Stock Exchange would not give a bean-feast to the children of Bethnal Green, but, in the end, Bethnal Green got such a bean-feast as it had never dreamed of in all its young life.

"I have come to the conclusion," wrote the late Archdeacon Hudson Stuck in "A Winter Circuit of our Arctic Coast", "that I am lacking in what seems amongst writers in 'outdoor' magazines the chief claim nowadays to any distinction, the possession of 'red blood'."

Disclaiming also any blue blood in his veins, Dr. Stuck was quite certain that his blood must be green, and all because "no man ever had better opportunities for killing North American big game—moose, caribou, mountain sheep, and bears—and killed none".

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Dr. Stuck must have had a twinkle in his kindly eye when he wrote these words, for surely he knew that one does not attain unto red-bloodedness by a career of slaughter. Any man who can travel "Ten Thousand Miles with a Dog Sled", or who can make a circuit of the Arctic coast in midwinter, has all the red blood which an ordinary mortal is entitled to possess. His red blood was shown in his untiring energy, undaunted optimism, and broad sympathy. With all his deep religious feeling, which inspired his missionary ardor, he was intensely human—else how could he quote with appreciation the saying of William Cowper that "if tobacco were not known in the golden age, so much the worse for the golden age", or discover that John Wesley wrote of wine that it is "one of the noblest cordials in nature". "I am sorry," adds Dr. Stuck, "to dig up such scandalous old sayings, but it is really necessary to remind some people that there were saints before Billy Sunday."

Dr. Stuck's record of his travels contains a great deal about the frozen north and its peoples, but also a great deal of himself—and the latter is not the least interesting because it is a revelation of the man.

A correspondent of the Gossip Shop, Mary Blair, thinks Rhoda Broughton's influence is still abroad in fiction: "I am frequently exasperated by seeing her misquoted, and also her *mots* transferred bodily by—one must suppose in the case about to be cited—unconscious memory, to recent contemporary fiction. For example, in Mrs. Underwood's (Sophie Kerr's) serial 'Break Over', in 'The Woman's Home Companion' for October, the author says of an unexpectedly-gratified woman, addicted to chiffons, 'She would have let a child eat jam in her lap'. Which is, verbatim, Rhoda Broughton's—whose lively and undisguised dislike of children was one of her most entertaining candors."

Adeline Zachert, the librarian engaged by the Fourteenth Division of the American Red Cross to establish three new libraries in the Virgin Islands, was entertained at a dinner and reception by the Rochester Club, Rochester, New York, before sailing. Miss Zachert has been for the past eight years superintendent of the extension division of the Rochester Public Library. Much regret was expressed over her departure and appreciation of her work was voiced in several brief addresses made during the evening. She will be assisted by Eleanor Gleason who goes to the Islands as a volunteer.

A French poet contributing to an American publication a disarray of impressions well called "Sample", finds the scheme of things in general sorry, and literature in particular lacking the leaven of laughter:

One would hunt in vain for two hours' mad
laughter
in the Collection of Famous Authors.
Optimism is an hygienic beverage
from Boston, invented by Emerson.
Moist and wilful crocodile
J. J. Rosseau muddies the Evian water . . .
As for me
I pursue my charming little road to the cross.

This poem seems to go far toward supplying the lack in the gayety of nations which the author deplores.

"Day Before Yesterday" is the title of the late Maitland Armstrong's volume of reminiscences—and it was surely day before yesterday when lobsters sold for three cents apiece at Bar Harbor and a genuine Heppelwhite sideboard could be bought for $13.

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